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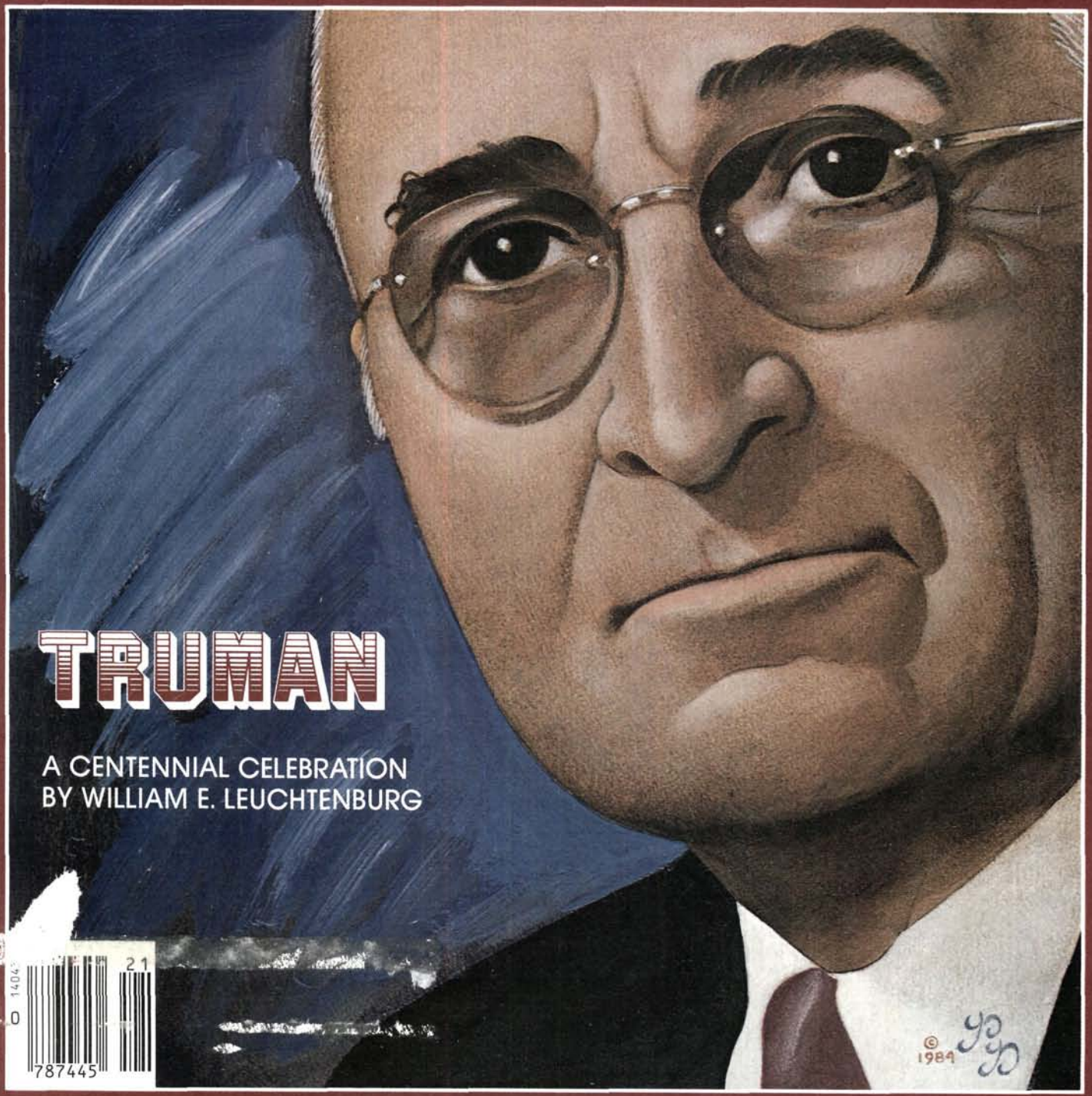

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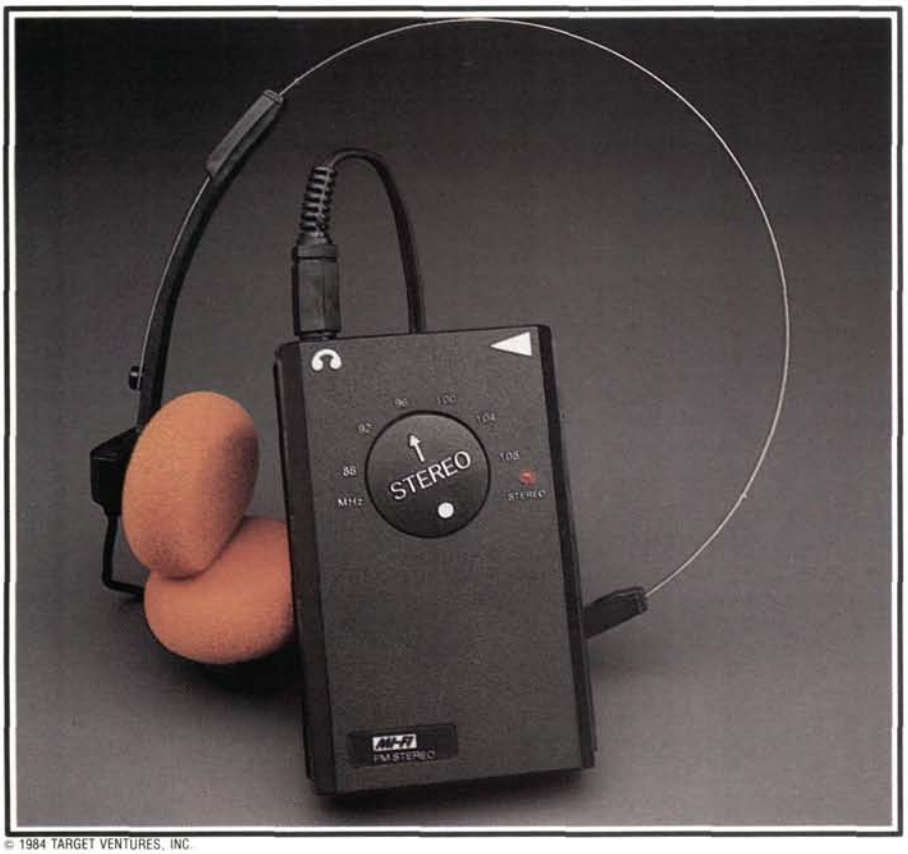

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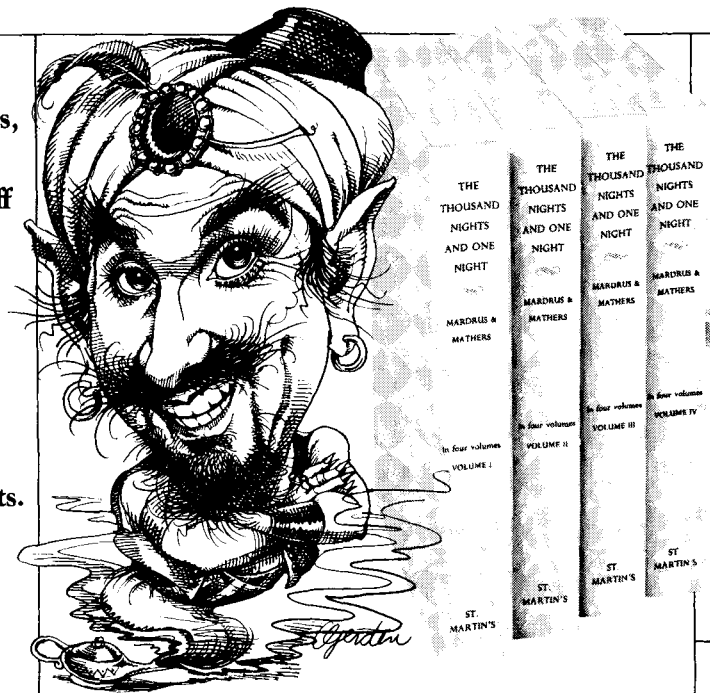

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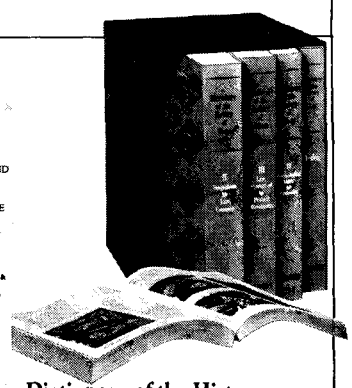

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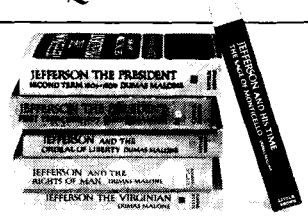

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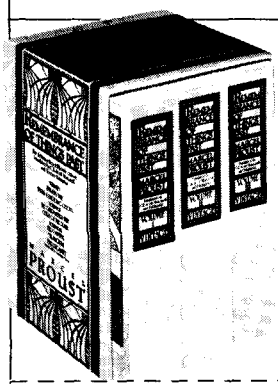

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To the editors:

I was astonished to open up my April 16 issue of TNR and find myself listed among "the Reagan 45." I understand that election years are not the best times for dispassionate reporting, but the reference to me shows such a reckless disregard for the facts that one wonders what you had in mind.

Even the deed I am accused of committing is incorrectly stated. I have not been charged with lying to the Congress; indeed, I have not yet been given the opportunity to testify before the Congress. Rather, I have been accused by a former U.S.I.A. employee of knowing about the existence of our so-called "blacklist" earlier than when I told the press that I did.

As the Congressional staff report itself states, this accusation could not be corroborated. Furthermore, at precisely the time I was supposedly conspiring in the maintenance of this "blacklist," I was ordering a full-scale inspection of the speakers program, with particular reference to how well the selection process serves the needs of our posts overseas. It was that inspection which uncovered the "blacklist," even before the press began to inquire about it.

I can only speculate about why you would ignore such easily available information. My guess is that you really thought you were writing about someone else. After all, even my name was misspelled.

LESLIE LENKOWSKY
Deputy Director
United States Information Agency
Washington, D.C.

The editors reply:

TNR's inclusion of Mr. Lenkowsky among forty-five Reagan Administration malefactors was based on a March 21 *New York Times* account of the contents of a Senate Foreign Relations Committee staff report and on interviews with U.S.I.A. officials and Senate staff members. The Senate staff report observed that Scott Thompson, former U.S.I.A. program director, and Thomas Harvey, the agency's general counsel, had accused Mr. Lenkowsky of lying—in one case, when he denied knowing about U.S.I.A. "blacklists" of potential overseas lecturers and, in the second case, when he denied knowledge of the destruction of records pertaining to the blacklists. The staff report concluded: "it seems hard to believe that Lenkowsky could have been unaware of the nature of the process in which he was participating." Thus Mr. Lenkowsky is technically correct in saying that he was not accused of lying to the Senate. It was Senate staff members and U.S.I.A. officials who raised doubts about Mr. Lenkowsky's credibility, and we regret the inaccuracy. Of course, we also regret misspelling his name.

OUR CIVIL RELIGION

To the editors:

Charles Krauthammer's excellent article ("America's Holy War," TNR, April 9) correctly identifies the pressing need for the conscious development and articulation of an American civil religion. I am not so old that I cannot remember when American holidays like Memorial Day, Independence Day, and the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington were observed by the closing of schools and businesses, and attendance at civic assemblies devoted to the ideals of the day. Today, American civil religion has become as secularized and profane as any traditional Western religion. American holidays are largely observed through the mounting of shopping mall pilgrimages. If both the sectarians and secularists could learn to focus on what we share as Americans rather than what divides us, we might revitalize our American civil religion and focus the issues of prayer and religion on a content that indeed reflects our "grand American unitarianism."

RABBI RICHARD HIRSH
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

To the editors:

I cannot agree with Charles Krauthammer's notion that President Reagan's religious practices have no bearing on the school prayer issue. We have a right to protest if, as his church attendance implies, President Reagan is merely wearing the mask of piety.

The double standard, in which leaders demand of the people that which they are unwilling to ask of themselves, is deeply corrosive of the commonweal. This double standard is not unknown country for Mr. Reagan. One of his favorite California slogans in opposition to income tax withholding was the slogan "taxes should hurt." It vanished from his repertoire when it was discovered that he had paid no taxes in 1970.

The issue is not whether Tip O'Neill is a kindly man in private life, but whether he demands one thing of himself and another of his constituents. Mr. O'Neill has championed domestic programs that are obviously expensive, but he also seems willing to pay his taxes. If he goes home and kicks his dog every night, that is his affair. As long as he is willing to pay his share of the public burden he is urging upon the rest of us, we have no valid complaint.

At the very least, if Mr. Reagan isn't willing to practice his own religion, he ought not preach to the rest of us.

EDWARD B. FUREY JR.
Oakdale, New York

WAR STORY

To the editors:

Hendrik Hertzberg permits himself a relapse—perhaps in imitation of a style in the Democratic Presidential campaign—when he describes Social Democrats, U.S.A., as a "pro-Vietnam War" organization ("Washington Diarist, TNR, April 16). From the early 1960s through to the end, the Social Democrats (and its predecessor, the Socialist Party, U.S.A.) was strongly critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam. But we evidently differed from Mr. Hertzberg by insisting that it would be cruel for the United States simply to abandon Indochina to the armies of Hanoi.

If this made us "objectively" pro-war, as one chain of reasoning has it, then Mr. Hertzberg and the anti-war movement with which he identifies could likewise be described as supporters of Hanoi, the Khmer Rouge, and the slaughter of millions of Indochinese. One had hoped this mode of argument was behind us.

PENN KEMBLE
Washington, D.C.

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FOUNDED 1914 — *A Weekly Journal of Opinion* — ISSUE 3,618

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FROM WASHINGTON

PRESIDENTIAL PURSUIT

What does President Reagan know and when does he know it? Howard Baker's old Watergate question ought to be refurbished for the fall campaign. Oh, not does he know who stole Jimmy Carter's briefing book, or when did he learn about the U.S.I.A. "enemies list." Rather, does he know, say, the name of the Prime Minister of Japan, even on a day when this gentleman is not expected to be popping up in the Rose Garden?

An enterprising reporter for TV station WBZ in Boston, Andy Hiller, recently gave a little surprise quiz to the candidates competing for Paul Tsongas's Senate seat. Among other surprises, it turned out that two of the candidates did not know which sides the United States is supporting in Nicaragua and El Salvador, and that Elliot Richardson thought the share of the federal budget taken up by defense is 7.5 percent. (It's 28 percent.) Surely we have the seed of a new American political tradition here.

The widespread view in what's called "the political community" is that Ronald Reagan is the most ignorant President anyone can recall, but that there's no prosperity in making an issue of this. Anecdotes abound. He didn't recognize his own Secretary of Housing and Urban Development at a White House reception. Asked his views on the Cyprus question, his answer made clear he not only had no views but had no idea what the question was. "Oh, I wish the Secretary of State were here," he remarked on that occasion.

According to Steven Weisman of *The New York Times*, Reagan expressed surprise last fall at learning that the Soviets have most of their nuclear weapons on land-based missiles, while the United States has relatively few—a basic fact of the nuclear age and, according to critics, the central flaw in his own START proposals for mutual reductions in land-based missiles.

Judy Bachrach reported recently in *Rolling Stone* that Charles Z. Wick, Reagan's buddy who heads the U.S.I.A., once sent around a memo to his staff saying he and the Boss were wondering: Is France a member of NATO? They needed the answer and didn't want the embarrassment of asking the State Department. Answer: France is a political but not a military member. A trick question, perhaps. But for the President?

Despite all this, even Arthur Schlesinger Jr. wrote with grudging admiration in the April 20 *Wall Street Journal*: "If a president can point the country in a direction and convince the voters that it is the right one . . . , and if he can get reasonably competent people to figure out the details, it does not matter so much politically that he himself hardly knows what is going on."

Well, maybe it doesn't matter *so much*, but surely it matters. For one thing, what if some of those detail people—like former National Security Adviser William Clark—can't name the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe either? Of course there will be plenty of sub-aides and sub-sub-aides to pass along the odd fact as needed. ("It's in Africa, sir.") The Presidency is not a game of Trivial Pursuit. But a certain degree of abstraction from the facts raises legitimate doubts. Can a President this ignorant even decide what direction to point in? It's the actor question: Does he think for himself, or is he fed all his lines?

Perhaps these stories that the President doesn't know Alaska from his elbow are inaccurate and unfair. If so, they pose a delicate public relations problem. Bald denial could backfire, as it did for William Scott of Virginia, who secured his place in history by calling a press conference to deny a magazine's assertion that he was the dumbest member of the United States Senate. No, the only way Reagan can put the Ignoramus Issue to rest is by submitting to a White House Aptitude Test (WHAT). Of course the essence of a surprise quiz is that you don't know when it's coming. It might be Sam Donaldson at a press conference, or it might be Fritz Mondale at a debate this fall. But some time soon, someone should ask Reagan: Mr. President, sir, with all due respect. . . .

(1.) You have sent thousands of American troops to support Honduran de-

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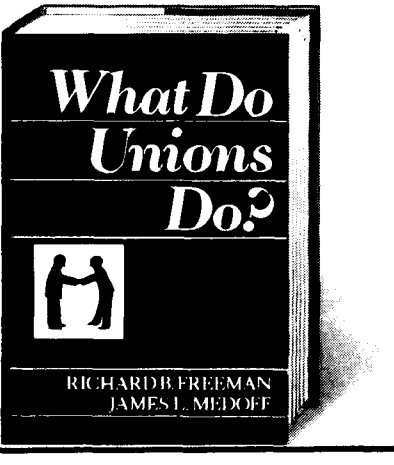

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
MAY 21, 1984

BAD CHEMISTRY

Chemical warfare has always occupied a prominent place in the modern world's consciousness of atrocity. Immediately after the German forces initiated the first gas attack in history, on April 22, 1915, the use of chemical weapons entered the popular imagination as a special kind of contradiction to civilization. Immediately, too, the urgent attempt to abolish them by international agreement was begun. Still, neither the revulsion of nations nor the diplomatic activity of decades succeeded in preventing the recurrence of this fearful form of killing. Italy used gas in Ethiopia in 1936; Japan, in China, in 1937; Egypt, in Yemen, in 1963-67; the Soviet Union and its Asian puppets, in Laos, Cambodia, and Afghanistan, in the late 1970s and early 1980s; and there are Iranian regulars recovering from Iraqi chemical weapons at this very moment in Austrian hospitals, and not recovering from them in the desert battlefields.

Under what circumstances have chemical weapons been used successfully, that is, with impunity, in this century? And why have the attempts at chemical arms control, which stretch from the 1920s to the 1980s, not solved the problem?

The answer to the first question is that the principal inhibition to the use of chemical weapons by one side is the possession of chemical weapons by the other side. Not since World War I have chemical weapons been used against armies that had the capacity to retaliate in kind. The most dramatic proof of this was the failure of Nazi Germany to send its stocks of nerve gas into battle against the Allies in the Second World War. Obviously Hitler was not dissuaded from this form of barbarism by moral considerations; he was using gas against Jewish men, women, and children at the same time that he was not using it against American and British soldiers. He was dissuaded, rather, by a vividly realistic grasp of the declared chemical warfare policy of the Allies. (The vividness of Hitler's grasp may be ascribed to his own experience of being gassed—but not gassed enough—during World War I.) On June 8, 1943, President Roosevelt made this policy absolutely clear: "I state categorically that we will under no circumstances resort to the use of such weapons unless they are first used by our enemies. . . . We promise to any perpetrators of such crimes full and swift retaliation in kind." Those last two words are crucial. It is a fact of contemporary warfare that only chemical weapons can stop chemical weapons. Nuclear weapons cannot stop them; nobody would believe such a bluff. And conventional weapons cannot stop them, to wit, they have not stopped them. The success of F.D.R.'s warning against the most morally uninhibited power in history is a clear indication that at least a part of a proper policy on chemical warfare must consist in deterrence.

The answer to the second question is not to be found in an absence of good intentions. Chemical warfare has been roundly condemned by a variety of international conventions since the Washington Disarmament Conference of 1922. (The military establishments of the West concurred with its political establishments on what one commentator has called "the unchivalric nature of gas.") The most famous of these conventions was the Geneva Protocol of 1925,

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which bound its signatories not to employ "asphyxiating, poisonous, or other gases" against one another. Most of the signatories followed the lead of France, however, which declared almost at once that it reserved the right to use chemical weapons in retaliation against the use of chemical weapons. The Geneva Protocol, then, was really a kind of international no-first-use agreement, and little else. The United States, to its discredit, failed to ratify the agreement until 1974. But the problem was not merely American petulance. It was verification. It is very hard to verify the nonexistence of a barrel of chemicals. This problem was present in the controversy over the Geneva Protocol in the '20s. Opponents argued that there was something essentially unenforceable about a ban on weapons that can be manufactured and maintained in places no bigger than basements.

Deterrence, verification—it sounds dully familiar, and some hearts will sink. Which brings us to the Reagan Administration. On April 19 Vice President Bush presented in Geneva a proposal for an ambitious treaty for chemical arms control. He proposed a document that would ban not merely the use of the deadly agents, but also their "development, production, stockpiling, acquisition, retention, and transfer." To enforce such a definitive form of arms control, moreover, he proposed that its parties agree "to open for international inspection on short notice all of its military or government-owned and government-controlled facilities." The on-site inspection would be conducted by a team of international inspectors.

MR. BUSH'S proposal met with three criticisms. The first was that it was a nonstarter, as they say, because it insisted upon the form of verification that the Soviets most love to hate. On-site inspection, it is said, amounts to the opening of a closed society; and an arms control proposal that demands a change in the nature of the Soviet system is really an Aesopian proposal for an arms race. The second criticism was that Mr. Bush was indeed furnishing only a fig leaf for the $1.126 billion for chemical warfare programs that the Reagan Administration has requested for fiscal year 1985. ($163 million for "retaliatory capabilities," $150 million for the destruction of obsolete weapons, and $813 million for "protective measures" such as anti-gas clothing and equipment.) These items of the President's defense budget would seem to give the lie to the Vice President's high-minded talk in Geneva, to place the American proposal's sincerity in question. The third criticism was that the limitation of inspection to "government-owned and government-controlled facilities" is slyly, even derisibly, one-sided: the chemical industry of the United States, after all, is in private hands, and would therefore be closed to Mr. Bush's teams of international busybodies, while the chemical industry of the Soviet Union, like everything worth owning in the Soviet Union, is the property of the Soviet state.

We do not believe that the deterrent desired by the Administration contradicts the agreement desired by the Administration. In chemical as in nuclear weaponry, a deterrent is maintained not for the purpose of fighting a war, but for the purpose of not fighting a war. And with chemical weapons the pitfalls and paradoxes of deterrence are fewer. By contrast to the regime of nuclear weapons, in which "improvements" can be destabilizing, replacing older stocks of chemical weapons with newer, more reliable, more accurate stocks cannot make a first strike either more tempting for us or more inviting for our enemies.

EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN, as we have said, that the deterrence of chemical warfare works. We appreciate, moreover, that the verification regime put forward by Mr. Bush will not play well in Moscow, though the Kremlin's first response was surprisingly subdued. In any case, taking Soviet objections to reliable verification procedures as a given only guarantees that these objections will remain givens. Why would we want to do that? Indeed, Mr. Bush's proposal for a perfect form of arms control raises once again the oldest and most difficult question of all. How do you weigh the morally ideal against the politically real in the making of arms control? The Baruch Plan of 1946 first put the question, as did Mr. Reagan's "zero option" for intermediate nuclear forces in Europe two years ago. Obviously an insistence upon the morally ideal may serve as a disguise for a militaristic agenda; some of the Pentagon's support for the zero option was owed to the awareness that zero meant 572, that is, the full deployment of the missiles. Obviously, too, an insistence upon the politically real will almost certainly not provide a permanent solution to the problem. (Though we must hasten to add that people who are for world government or the abolition of war or unilateral disarmament or even for a unilateralist version of the freeze are in no position to condemn an arms control proposal for impracticality.)

To a certain extent, however, the nature of chemical weapons makes the matter moot. It may be true that Ronald Reagan's obsession with verification is a perfect match for the Soviet Union's obsession with secrecy, but none of this at all affects the fact that chemical weapons are small, that they are easy to make and easy to carry, that certainty about their control is almost impossible. Indeed, it is chemical weapons, and not ICBMs, that are the perfect object of the President's verification obsession. No political improvement in Soviet-American relations or technological improvement in the means of intelligence will make a canister of gas somewhere on a continent any easier to spot. In the case of chemical weapons, then, on-site inspection is not a form of arms control idealism, as it is in the case of most nuclear weapons; and as a practical matter, the Russians can open their chemical factories without opening their society, just as the United States can open its chemical factories without obliging them to be "government-owned and government-controlled." The Soviets' proud cleaving to the closure of their society deserves no respect as a form of arms control realism, if it is a genuine attempt at abolishing chemical warfare that you want. To be sure, it deserves no respect for other reasons, too. In any case arms control is not the place for the nation-

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al philosophies to fight. Certainly not while the adolescent cannon fodder of Iran is meeting with the mustard gas of Iraq.

The Administration will pardon us if we are a little skeptical, however, about its talent for the slogging work of getting a deal. Its record in the I.N.F. talks, the Soviet walkout notwithstanding, demonstrates that an arms control process consists in more than a good proposal. It requires a bureaucratic willingness to go the deadly dull distance, a faith in the very value of arms control at the highest levels of government, and, probably, the continuing involvement and interest of the President himself. The lofty pronouncements and the comprehensive proposals should be only the beginning, the first of many moves, in the struggle to bring a stubborn and often sinister adversary around. We hope that this time the Administration is ready to follow up, and follow up again. Chemical weapons should inspire revulsion, deterrence, and arms control. The President's proposal is properly inspired. On, now, to the task of convincing the rest of the world of it.

NOTEBOOK

□ JAZZ FELT THE WRATH of the Lord last week. Juan Tizol's trombone and Red Garland's piano were silenced on the same day. And a day later Count Basie died, too. Basie's death was the silencing of a whole sound, and of a whole musical culture. The sound is commonly called swing, by which is meant the musical idea that there is no melody too strong or too weak for the most rousing rhythm. The idea was best exemplified by Basie's own piano playing. It was a barrelhouse style thrown into a kind of centrifuge of syncopation; and what came out was a simple blues line that had hearts throbbing and feet tapping in exactly equal measures. The musical culture which the Count represented—indeed, over which he ruled for many years—was that of Kansas City, possibly the greatest jazz city of all. Kansas City in the '30s was a musical miracle; at any hour of the day or night somebody somewhere was reinventing an instrument. Many of these inventors came to occupy chairs in Basie's band—Lester Young, Herschel Evans, Dicky Wells, Buck Clayton, Walter Page (the father of all bassists), Jo Jo Jones (the first man to use the cymbals like the drums), and on and on. This was probably the most exciting band that ever played jazz. The range of its feeling has been somewhat obscured by the range of its style. "Cherokee" and "One O'Clock Jump" are surely some of the liveliest (you might even say lifeliest) numbers ever; but such languid, ironic invitations as "Blue and Sentimental," in which Herschel Evans joined Coleman Hawkins as a founding father of the seductive saxophone, must not be overlooked. As the years went by, Count Basie led one great band after another. He was, among his many accomplishments, jazz's greatest editor.

□ CHINA UPDATE: Since our editorial last week on President Reagan's trip to China, we have learned another sobering fact about the totalitarian government in Beijing. Mao Tse-tung's Great Leap Forward (1958-61) ranks among the twentieth century's worst human catastrophes, according to demographers at the U.S. Census Bureau poring over the results of China's 1982 census. "If you just use the official data and calculate the excess deaths to the population, you're getting about 15 million excess deaths during the four-year period," Judith Banister, chief of the bureau's China branch, told *The Baltimore Sun*. In fact, Ms. Banister, relying on additional data, calculates that 30 million deaths resulted from famine and what the Chinese delicately call "mistakes in policy."

□ TEN YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "The consistency of Henry Jackson's military views is apparent in his statements, which read the same whether they are issued yesterday or two decades ago. Here again he attributes his attitude to the experience of the Norwegians, whose wholesome environment and high living standards meant nothing when the 'hobnail boot' of the German invader took over in 1940. The Soviet Union today bears a different image in Jackson's limited catalogue of metaphors. Seeking targets of opportunity, the U.S.S.R. is the hotel burglar trying all the knobs to find an open door, and he, Jackson, is the house dick. He turned down the job of Defense Secretary, however, when President Nixon offered it to him in 1969. He figured that he could be more effective on the outside, and he was right. Some of his angriest critics laud his watchful doggedness in keeping the Nixon Administration on its toes, but they shudder at the thought that, with him in the White House, all avenues to rapprochement with the Kremlin would be blocked and that the only path open would be a return to the futile hectoring of the past. Kindlier observers contend that he would mellow in office. At this juncture Jackson is walking rather than running for the Presidency. His step is steady, but he has a long way to go. ("Jackson's Bid," by Stanley Karnow, May 25, 1974.)

Where Arafat's a big man on campus.

P.L.O. STATE

Ramallah, Israeli-Occupied West Bank

Just over a mile down the road from the old campus of Bir Zeit University, the most prominent of the West Bank's four Arab universities, the Israelis are building a new campus. Modern buildings rise from a barren hill. On a windy patio, my Palestinian student guide points out the science building, the engineering building, a new library, an assembly hall, a cafeteria. All these improvements were

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made by the Israelis. Indeed, before 1967, under Jordanian rule, there were no institutions of higher learning on the West Bank; now there are the four universities plus a number of colleges and teachers' seminaries. Israel created Bir Zeit's four-year degree program in 1972. But the guide does not mention this. He makes a sweeping gesture toward the brown hills to the east. "At night, from here," he says without a trace of irony, "you can see the lights of the coast of Palestine."

Palestinians call Bir Zeit the "Berkeley of the West Bank," but protest among the two thousand students here is a much more serious business than the American campus protests of the 1960s. According to an internal Palestine Liberation Organization memorandum captured by the Israeli Army in Beirut in the summer of 1982, the P.L.O. views Bir Zeit as "a genuine fortress, encountering the Zionist enemy," which boasts "the largest number of violent clashes" of any West Bank university. An Israeli intelligence source says it is "the biggest psychological warfare operation in the Middle East." By upgrading and expanding schools like Bir Zeit—and thus giving the youth of the West Bank a place to congregate, to study, to plan, and to dream—Israel may be setting the stage for greater violence and unrest in the occupied territories.

Students don't try to hide their admiration for the P.L.O. "Bir Zeit University represents the determination of the Palestinian people to strive for their legitimate rights and aspirations, to develop themselves and their community in the direction they choose as a people, and to remain united as a nation under the leadership of their sole legitimate representative, the Palestine Liberation Organization," declared a circular distributed recently by the student council. "Peace will never come under someone else's domination," says Ahmad Fares, a spokesman for the current student council. "Peace will not come until the settlers move out from our land." In Fares's office, two posters of P.L.O. leader Yasir Arafat hang high on the walls. Outside the office, a poster showing Israel, Arafat, and a Kalashnikov assault rifle is tacked to a bulletin board.

SUCH DISPLAYS of support for the P.L.O. are illegal, but Israeli military authorities privately acknowledge that they are willing to live with expressions of allegiance to the P.L.O. as long as they are confined to the campus. Yet, the fact is that the students' pro-P.L.O. activities are not limited to school property. According to West Bank military officials, students not only distribute anti-Israel literature but also organize the stoning of buses and cars, throw Molotov cocktails, construct roadblocks, and participate in terrorist actions. In February, several days after a demonstration where students blocked a road with burning tires, the West Bank military government closed the old campus for three months. And while Israeli Army arrests of students often seem arbitrary (many members of the student council have been jailed or placed under house arrest, several without specific charges brought against them), some students have clearly been involved in terrorism. In 1978, fifteen Bir Zeit students were arrested for membership in terrorist cells belonging to George Habash's Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine and the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. In 1979, a Bir Zeit student played a key role in bombings in Jerusalem and Netanya which killed a total of four people.

Politics at Bir Zeit are complicated by sharp differences among the students themselves. The students come mainly from the refugee camps and villages of the West Bank and Gaza; some are children of middle-class Arab families from pre-1967 Israel. (The wealthiest Palestinians send their sons and daughters to colleges in Europe and the United States.) Their disagreements are reflected in the results of the most recent student elections. According to faculty members, a pro-Arafat faction took 800 of the 2,000 student votes, the fundamentalist Moslem Brothers 500, and Habash's Popular Front 350. There is also a sizable Communist contingent at Bir Zeit.

ISRAELI SOURCES say the fighting between Arafat and Abu Musa, the Syrian-backed rebel who drove Arafat from Tripoli last year, will lead to further splits in the student community which has already come close to violence over events in Tripoli. "At the beginning of Abu Musa's revolt, and again when Arafat went to Egypt, some students hesitated between Abu Ammar [Arafat] and Abu Musa," Fares acknowledges. "There were many heated discussions during the fighting in Tripoli, but few students now support Abu Musa. We think the revolt was a Syrian plot to destroy the P.L.O. and build a new P.L.O. that could be manipulated."

Arafat's visit to Egypt also inflamed student passions, as will any future diplomatic overtures he might be contemplating toward Jordan. The students thoroughly distrust King Hussein. Jordanian rule of the area between 1948 and 1967—a result of a territorial annexation (in 1950) recognized only by Britain and Pakistan—was brutal and repressive. Indeed, some Palestinians at Bir Zeit say privately that they would have a hard time choosing between Israeli and Hashemite rule. They concede that the Palestinians' economic well-being has increased dramatically since the 1967 war. And they recognize that even the sharply limited form of democracy imposed upon them by Israeli occupation is more democracy than they would find in the Arab states. "At least I know that if I was arrested or assaulted in Israel I would have some chance in the courts, the press, or with a public outcry," says one Bir Zeit professor. "If I was arrested in Jordan I could just disappear at the whim of the security forces and never be heard from again."

West Bank students are bitterly hostile toward the United States, and place little hope in American pressure on Israel. "Of course the United States has the ability to force Israel out of the West Bank," Ibtisam Barakat says. "But we don't think it will ever do that. Israel, as everyone knows, is the fifty-first American state." Another young

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female student, arrayed in conservative Islamic robing, leaves the room and returns a moment later carrying a large cardboard box. "Here," she says, "is the American contribution to peace in the region." The box contains about twenty spent, blackened tear gas grenades and projectiles used by Israeli forces to quell disturbances at Bir Zeit. Printed on the shells: "Federal Laboratories, Saltsburg, Pa. Made in U.S.A."

THE FOREIGN lecturers at Bir Zeit form a curious subculture in the West Bank world. Ill at ease about their Western origins, they are nevertheless unable to discard their cultural identities. Some—apparently striving for the next best thing to being Palestinian themselves—have adopted the P.L.O.'s cause as their own. These teachers' attitude toward the Israeli occupiers is uncompromising at best, paranoid at worst. The latest controversy involving the professors stemmed from their refusal to sign an Israeli work permit application requiring them to refrain from "any act offering any assistance to the organization called the P.L.O."—a pledge the lecturers termed a violation of academic freedom. "Eventually," says Hugh Harcourt, an American-born teacher of cultural studies (who "fully shares" his students' anti-American feelings), "anyone who is an Arab or working for an Arab will have no place here. Israeli policy is to get as many Arabs out as possible, one way or another."

The foreign lecturers bear an odd resemblance to some of the more extreme American-born residents of the Jewish settlements. Both groups attack the policies of their native lands, strive to deny their Western origins, and seem uneasy and out of place in their surroundings. Both are advocates of the hard line, the all-or-nothing attitude. And beneath it all is a certain irresponsibility, a shallowness of commitment. Most of the teachers have already worked in other Third World locales; if a better job came along most of them would probably take it and go. And as for the extremist American settlers, one West Bank military official says: "If things get really bad they know they can always be evacuated by helicopter from the roof of the American Embassy. So they make a lot of trouble and don't worry about the consequences."

By contrast, Palestinian teachers at Bir Zeit are deeply committed to the nationalist cause, though they realize that Israel is here to stay. "Israel's security lies first and foremost in the hearts of the Palestinians," says Sari Nuseibeh, an instructor in philosophy and son of the former Jordanian Defense Minister Anwar Nuseibeh. A string of silver prayer beads twines through his fingers as he talks. "People are not organized militarily because there is an instinctive feeling they are in a weaker position. They are not in favor of organized resistance now, although the time will come when resistance will get stronger, fiercer. As a population we will get stronger and Israel weaker, more divided. Immigrants coming to Israel will not be able to keep up the old idealism—the Jewish idealism of wanting to build up a moral nation. I respect that very much. But economics, morale, the Arab population, eventually even the wars—all this will become a greater problem as time goes on. The balance of power is bound to change . . . Israel is in the weaker position."

For Nuseibeh and others like him, a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza would be enough. But the idea of a democratic, secular Palestine encompassing the whole of Israel refuses to die—despite the arrests and school closings, despite what the students realize is the empty rhetoric of the Arab countries. Many young Palestinians still speak of returning to Ramle, to Jaffa, and to Haifa (all cities well within Israel's 1948 borders). As the students grow older and as conditions in the camps improve, perhaps the fire of their radical politics will die down. "Once a state is established," Nuseibeh says, "there will be so much to do that one need not go on dreaming about Ramle. We must try to convince people it is enough." But his view is much more optimistic than that of some of his colleagues. "There is no hope for peace, for a Palestinian state, unless a radical change comes about in Israeli thinking, unless they recognize that military occupation is as damaging to them as it is to us," says Dr. Rita Giacaman, the director of Bir Zeit's Community Health Unit.

And increasingly, young Palestinians are talking about the I.R.A., the Algerian revolution, SWAPO, and Vietnam. At a café near the old campus, a student voices the opinion of many young people who, like him, live in refugee camps. "There is no basis for peace with the Israelis," the student says. "There is no way in this world except violence. This is the way the Zionist state was born and this is the way we will achieve Palestine." Pinned to the café wall is a picture of George Habash.

His sentiment, too, has an Israeli parallel. "Much as Begin's Herut never gave up the dream of Greater Israel during all those years in the political wilderness, so the Palestinians will never give up the dream of a return to all of Palestine," says David Richardson, who covers the West Bank for the *Jerusalem Post*. Today, the dream—almost an illusion—of a Palestinian state is pitted against the dream—almost a reality—of Greater Israel. According to a much-publicized recent study by the West Bank Data Project, "a realistic estimate of the forces at work for annexation as against those that oppose it invites the conclusion that for the foreseeable future all of Palestine will be ruled by an Israeli government." Only the barely plausible prospect of a Jordanian-Palestinian confederation stands in the way of permanent Israeli rule. For Bir Zeit students, Palestine is that illusory place Robert Browning once described: "That far land we dream about / Where every man is his own architect." But once they graduate most will ultimately either emigrate to the Arab states or the West, or remain on the West Bank, working as waiters, laborers, and cab drivers.

MICAH MORRISON

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Four key moves that saved Mondale.

BACK FROM THE BRINK

"IF HE'S CUT, he'll hemorrhage," a former Carter White House official said of Walter F. Mondale last winter. "And there's no way in the world they'll be able to stop the bleeding. He'll bleed to death." Mondale was cut badly in the New Hampshire primary, then cut again in Maine and Vermont, Massachusetts and Florida, Washington and Oklahoma. Yet he didn't bleed to death. On the contrary, the former Vice President shattered the brand-new conventional political wisdom with a six-week rebound that has lifted him back to front-runner status and has again made him the near-prohibitive favorite for the nomination.

How did it happen? Certainly not by accident or luck, though those are underrated as factors in politics. Rather, even before Mondale had lost in New Hampshire, he and his advisers began cobbling together a strategy for recovery. It came in four parts. First, the Mondale campaign retreated and regrouped. Second, Mondale attacked Hart unrelentingly, making Hart the issue. Third, Mondale maneuvered to raise the stakes in the campaign, to make voters pause before voting for a candidate for the Presidency like Hart, about whom they knew little. And fourth, Mondale sought to put enormous pressure on Hart so that he might buckle and commit damaging mistakes. Amazingly, all four parts of the strategy worked.

Regrouping: The thunderous news of looming trouble came to John Reilly, the Mondale confidant and Washington attorney, as he sat in the bar of the Sheraton Wayfarer Hotel in Bedford, New Hampshire, late in the evening of February 26, two days before the New Hampshire primary. Edward Fouhy, the Washington bureau chief for ABC News, sought him out for consultation on some puzzling polling results turned up by the network. They showed that Mondale, fresh from his lopsided triumph in the Iowa caucuses, had precipitously fallen behind Hart in New Hampshire. Could the numbers be correct? Reilly had no survey numbers of his own, but his sense of the flow of the campaign, now confirmed by ABC's tracking, told him that disaster was at hand. He rushed to call James Johnson, the campaign chairman.

Johnson was at his Washington apartment, a block from Mondale's office on the edge of Georgetown. He was only half-surprised by Reilly's news. Johnson immediately acted on two new assumptions: that Mondale would lose in New Hampshire, and that the Hart breakthrough would have a sweeping impact on the entire race. By the next morning, Johnson had altered Mondale's schedule, canceling the plan for him to linger in New Hampshire on primary night. Instead, Mondale left that night in order to be ready for an early-morning appearance in Massachusetts, one designed to show he was alive and going on to the next event. "What we needed to do was get out of there [New Hampshire] fast and get on to the next thing immediately," Johnson said.

Two other decisions were swiftly made, one obvious, the other less so. The Mondale campaign had done only the skimpiest research on Hart, so the Senator's record needed to be scrutinized for vulnerabilities and embarrassments. This included combing through Hart's book, *A New Democracy*. Most of the Mondale campaign's negative research had been on Senator John Glenn, once deemed the only serious rival for the nomination. "We didn't have any nifty little book on Hart," said Johnson. The other decision was to make, with as little fanfare as possible, a massive effort in Maine, where caucuses were slated the Sunday after the New Hampshire primary, to stop the Hart fad before it spread. Robert Beckel, the campaign manager, was dispatched to Maine, along with a hundred organizers. Radio ads were quickly produced attacking Hart for allegedly compromising his support for the nuclear freeze by backing the "build-down," the plan to throw away two old missiles for each new one deployed.

Despite the flurry of activity, the outlook was grim when Mondale and a half-dozen aides gathered on March 1 in the Washington offices of Winston & Strawn, Reilly's Chicago-based law firm, which had put Mondale on the payroll in 1981. Telephone tracking in Maine had found an extraordinary shift to Hart; even Mondale delegates to a state party convention last October were switching. The group talked right through lunch. "We just took too many attacks from too many people while we were talking about Reagan and party unity," Mondale told his advisers. "We've got to get in and mix it up."

Things got worse before they got better. On the eve of the Maine caucuses, Beckel suspected that Mondale had reversed his slide and might win. He was wrong, and there was worse. David Broder, the gentle, respected political reporter of *The Washington Post*, wrote that the Maine loss was "possibly fatal" and that the Mondale campaign was "hanging by a thread." Maxine Isaacs, Mondale's press secretary, had the unenviable task of alerting him to the Broder piece. "The hardest thing I had to do was tell him about that rotten Broder piece," she said. "Mondale said, 'Well, they can't hurt us anymore.' What he meant was that there was a time that a David Broder column would have really wounded him. But after what he had been through in New Hampshire and Maine, that didn't seem to matter."

THE BEEF: Beckel, the pudgy, talkative campaign manager, had a problem. Neither Mondale nor Johnson had seen the TV ad for the Wendy's hamburger chain. Beckel had seen it only once himself; it had come on the night before, while he was watching "Dallas." So he had to act it out for the Mondale entourage as they conferred in the Hilton Hotel in Columbus, Georgia, on Saturday evening, March 10, the day before a nationally televised debate from Atlanta and three days before Super Tuesday. "There are these old women, see," he explained, "and this big fluffy bun and. . . ." And then he got to the punch-

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line, delivered in the commercial by actress Clara Peller: "Where's the beef?" Johnson warmed to the idea quickly, but Mondale seemed skeptical. "Where's the beef?" he repeated softly. "Mmm. Where's the beef? Mmm." Maybe he would use the line, maybe not.

Johnson liked the slogan for the same reason Beckel had proposed it. Some shorthand phrase was needed to encapsulate the Mondale contention that Hart was a lightweight, that behind his talk of being a man of "new ideas" stood practically nothing except wrongheaded votes on a few major issues. "We knew we could put together a coalition by knocking 2 [percentage] points off Hart on the windfall profits tax, 3 off on the Chrysler bailout, 1 on the build-down, 1 on the oil-import fee," said Johnson. "But we needed more than that." What was required, said Mondale, was "something that sort of summarizes. All over the country I heard people saying, 'Where are Gary Hart's new ideas?' . . . That [slogan] encapsulated it."

It wasn't clear that Mondale had taken to the slogan until Sunday morning. Returning to the Hilton from church, Mondale spotted Beckel and said he had prayed for him. Then, Mondale summoned him to come close and whispered, "Where's the beef?" In the debate that evening, Mondale turned to Hart and said, "When I hear your new ideas, I'm reminded of that ad, 'Where's the beef?' " Hart took the bait and kept the question alive. For days afterward, he struggled to provide an answer, once stuffing his book between buns. Later, Mondale was so joyous over the effectiveness of the slogan, he joked that he "ought to fire all the speechwriters and researchers and hire somebody from 'Hee-Haw.' "

THE RED PHONE: Roy Spence was not exactly drowning in plaudits for his work as Mondale's media consultant. His spot showing Mondale declaring, presumptuously, that he is "ready to be President of the United States" was a critical failure and was withdrawn after the New Hampshire loss. Worse, in a stolen moment he had told a reporter that Mondale "dares to be cautious." Opponents of Mondale were soon twitting him about his oxymoronically bold caution. But at the nadir of Mondale's fall, late in the evening of March 6 after results from Vermont had come in (Mondale lost by better than a 3-to-1 margin), Spence called his friend Beckel with an idea for a new commercial. Spence was in Austin, Texas, Beckel in Washington. "We've got to raise the stakes in the campaign," he told Beckel. "There is one area where we have the absolute truth and strength on our side and that is foreign affairs. Compare Mondale with Hart's lack of experience in that area. That's where we have to raise the stakes." His thought was that voters must be persuaded that how they voted had significant consequences. But how could that be made visual? "I was thinking about all kinds of different settings, a war room, a crisis center," Spence said. "Then I thought of the red phone (used to inform the President of a military emergency). That's a symbol people understand. They know that phone means something serious."

Beckel was enthusiastic. After midnight, Spence called his propman and instructed him to begin building a red phone with a single flashing red light. Minutes later, his pregnant wife, Mary, told him her labor pains had started. They went to the hospital. "I know you need to make some phone calls," his wife said. Spence called Beckel. "I put the phone down when the contractions started," Spence said. At 11:30 A.M. his second child, a girl, was born. "As I was driving from the hospital I wrote the copy in my head," he said, and when he reached his office the ad was filmed. In it, nothing but the phone is seen as a narrator's voice says ominously: "The most awesome, powerful responsibility in the world lies in the hand that picks up this phone. The idea of an unsure, unsteady, untested hand is something to really think about. This is truly the issue of our time. Vote as if the future of the world is at stake, because it might be." Hart isn't mentioned, but the suggestion that he might be too inexperienced to be trusted with the nation's foreign affairs is clear. Since the ad first went on the air in Illinois, Mondale hasn't lost a major primary.

CRACK-UP: The tactic is not one that Mondale strategists talk about publicly, for it might seem cruel or ruthless. But from the start of their bid to revive the flagging Mondale campaign, it was part of the strategy to raise the temperature of the campaign, to put pressure on Hart, to criticize him relentlessly, to respond sharply to anything he said, to never let up—and see if they could shake his composure. Perhaps he would wilt in the heat, as other Presidential candidates had, even ones with more national experience than Hart, like Edmund Muskie in 1972. Having worked in the Muskie campaign, Johnson knew that precedent firsthand.

Mondale's advisers thought they spotted the first signs of a fissure in the Hart campaign in the Atlanta debate, but not in Hart's response to the "Where's the beef?" question. It was his answer to moderator John Chancellor's question about what he would do as President if a Czech plane were hurtling toward the air defense command in Colorado. Hart said he would have American planes zip past and see if the Czechs inside were wearing uniforms; if so, he'd order the plane shot down. John Glenn ridiculed Hart for this answer, saying pilots couldn't "peek" into the window of an airliner. A Mondale aide, Dayton Duncan, displayed a sign in Czech the next day that said, "Don't shoot. We are civilians." Hart was being laughed at.

In Illinois, the mistakes began. On March 15 Hart charged that Mondale had aired a TV commercial that raised doubts about Hart's name and age; hours later, he retracted the charge. Two days later, he said he was pulling a televison spot off the air that linked Mondale to Edward Vrdolyak, the boss of Chicago's white Democrats. But the ad stayed on, and Mondale asked how Hart would govern the country if he couldn't get an ad he had paid for taken off. Rattled by the Illinois loss, Hart decided to change his campaign theme. Instead of playing up the

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"independence issue," on which Mondale is vulnerable, Hart stressed Central America, saying he would pull all American combat troops from there but Mondale wouldn't. It was an issue that proved to be "irrelevant" to voters, Oliver Henkel, Hart's campaign manager, said later. Moreover, Hart began to look tense and irritable. In a CBS debate five days before the New York primary, he glared at Mondale, his jaw tightening.

Mondale's overwhelming win in New York made him front-runner again, and his victory over Hart a week later in Pennsylvania solidified that position. His recovery was complete; the conventional wisdom, still reeling from the blow inflicted by Hart, had now taken a massive kick in the pants from Mondale. How close had Mondale been to extinction as a candidate? Very. There was talk in early March between the Glenn and Hart campaigns about dividing the South on Super Tuesday, March 13. Glenn would concentrate his campaigning on Alabama, where he had considerable support, and Hart would take Georgia, with its large colony of yuppies. Nothing came of the idea, though, and both spread their resources thinly over the two states. Mondale won both states, getting two desperately needed victories without which his recovery, still in its embryonic stage, would have been stillborn.

FRED BARNES

Fred Barnes is national political reporter for *The Baltimore Sun*.

Bob Forehead goes to law school.

NIGHT SHIFT

THE George Washington University Law Center thinks it has come up with a new way to sprint ahead in the legal profession's perennial paper chase after status and reputation. As a means of "propelling The National Law Center into the category of the very best law schools in the country (i.e., the top ten)," the faculty's "Committee on the '80s" recommended in January that G.W. phase out its night program. Overnight, the plan became a red-hot issue at the school, with both day and night students spontaneously meeting to vent their anger. It's unusual for law students to organize about anything, given their obsession with grades and careers. But the G.W. faculty proposal guaranteed an uproar.

The egregiousness of the plan lies in its Bob Forehead view of the world—that perceptions are reality, that image is supreme and foolishness no obstacle to its pursuit. "Predominant" in the minds of the committee was the "consideration" that, of the twenty largest law schools in the country, only G.W. and its Washington, D.C., neighbor, Georgetown, have night divisions. "There is some perception that a law school with an evening program is in some way inferior," the committee concluded. "We know this is not true, and the perception is deplorable, but it seems beyond dispute that this view is held by many." Usually "reasoning" of this sort is artfully concealed behind various smokescreens and subterfuges, and for good reasons—what if there were a "perception" that law schools which admitted black students or women were inferior? But in its bluntness, the faculty committee pointed up the deep flaws in our system of legal education and the legal hierarchy it feeds.

THE COMMITTEE'S keeping up with the Joneses attitude might be considered just another exhibition of G.W.'s inferiority complex. A year ago the school raised its tuition university-wide after a consultant's report advised that if only G.W.'s tuition were as high as that of the best private universities, the school's reputation would improve. The increase in the law school's tuition was drastic: entering students paid $8,100 this year, up $2,000 from the previous year. Still, the law center's concern with perceptions is not an isolated mistake. It is a characteristic endemic to law schools, with rare exceptions like Antioch and Northeastern. As trade schools with a relatively standardized product and an almost equally standardized market, law schools have to be very much concerned with prestige. Little in the way of objective, tangible criteria distinguishes one from another.

Insofar as there are objective criteria, the faculty committee admitted that abolishing the night school would actually hurt the quality of law education at G.W. Night students are "generally . . . superior because of their motivation, maturity, and experience," the committee stated, and day students are "benefited" by their exposure to night students. It nevertheless proposed to abandon the one and abolish the other. Night classes also provide day students with greater flexibility in scheduling, increasing their ability to choose which classes (and professors) to take. This flexibility enables students to work part-time, which can mean the difference between being able to afford school or not. No matter. The committee submitted that abolishing the night school would allow "radical curriculum reform." But since the proposal constitutes imitation rather than innovation, it blocks any sort of reform—at least any that hasn't first been adopted by Harvard. The invidious business of imitating the most prestigious law schools forces the G.W. faculty to deny the obvious evidence that a night program can increase the quality of a law school, to renounce the qualities it finds desirable in its own students, and to deny in practice its own principle that being "hospitable to the economically disadvantaged persons who aspire to a legal career" makes for a better law school.

The majority of the G.W. Law Center Alumni as well as students oppose the abolition of the night program, and their battle to save it isn't over. The full faculty vote in February was close: 21-18 in favor of abolition. (The Uni-

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versity flew in two members from out of town to bolster its cause.) The University's Board of Trustees, which has the final say, punted in March by appointing a committee to evaluate the plan and report back on May 17. As four of the five appointees are on record as favoring abolition, this may have only been an attempt to defuse the issue.

As law schools like G.W. succumb to the pressure of perceptions, they must share the blame for the American legal system's increasingly rigid, routinized character. Pressured by time, numbers, and the example of "everyone else," legal employers (including the government) are increasingly relying on formularized criteria for selecting lawyers. The students from the "best" schools with the highest test scores are rewarded—at the expense of students who, for whatever reason, have not followed what is in truth the path of least resistance. No one, least of all the law schools, seems to be considering whether this growing conformity has led to better lawyering, much less a better society. Before voting to abolish the night school, the perceptologists at G.W. ought to think about that.

JAMES W. CONRAD JR.

James W. Conrad Jr. is a second-year student in the day division of George Washington University National Law Center.

Or how I helped make Fritz Hollings what he is today.

THE DOG ATE MY CANDIDATE

BY ROBERT M. KAUS

THE SYMBOLIC MOMENT came one morning about a month before the New Hampshire primary. This Week's Campaign Manager was holed up in his office. The national headquarters of Hollings for President was nearly deserted, more like a warehouse than a political campaign. It had been that way for weeks. Staff had come and gone. Trips had been scheduled and canceled. But the dramatic groundswell of affection that we had hoped would propel Senator Ernest Hollings into the White House had somehow failed to materialize. We were still dragging along at 1 or 2 percent in the polls.

Then, suddenly, the phones began to ring. Two, three, four of them at once. The lights on our state-of-the-art Rolm phone system blinked frantically, and the receptionist could not handle them all. "This is it!" exulted Mark Epstein, our "issues" man, rushing out of his windowless office into the hallway. "We'll be running on adrenaline from now on!"

It wasn't, though. Within two minutes the phones had stopped ringing, and Hollings headquarters had regained its unearthly quiet. We missed out on all the clichés. Adrenaline. The Boys on the Bus. Hunter Thompson. Motel rooms with girls in them. Theodore White. Banks of hot television lights. Maybe they happened for the Hart people. Not only were there no motel rooms with girls in them, there weren't any motel rooms, period. Federal laws now limit the dollars each candidate can spend in any one state, and most candidates prefer to spend them on advertising. So all campaigns—even the best financed—are short on phones and rooms. Wherever possible, workers stay in the homes of supporters. In New Hampshire, I slept on an air mattress on the floor of a lawyer's house.

Actually, I felt the air mattress was a bit much. I was not some enthusiastic Clean-for-Gene college type; after all, I was 32 years old. I was former politics editor of *Harper's*. My back ached. David Broder had a hotel room. Pat Caddell, the alleged mastermind of Hart's surge, had a hotel room—I had seen somebody carrying his suitcases at the Sheraton Wayfarer. My mistake was going to work for the Democratic candidate I thought would make the best President. (Hart was my second choice. Really, Gary. Honest. The résumé is in the mail.) I haven't changed my mind about Hollings, but I would probably not hold up our campaign as a model for others. You'll see what I mean.

WASHINGTON, D.C., November 1983: I start work for Hollings as a speechwriter—one of those mundane subordinate white-collar occupations, like paralegal or librarian, with dangerous professional pretensions. Speechwriters even have their own newsletter, with little features like "My Toughest Assignment" ("I remember when my boss walked in and said, 'I need this speech in *two days*. . . .' "). The dirty little secret of speechwriting, I discover, is that it's incredibly easy. Either you know how or you don't. I'm not sure whether I do or don't, but I do

Robert M. (Mickey) Kaus, a New York writer, worked for Ernest Hollings during his late Presidential campaign. Kaus's most recent article for TNR was "Gary Hart's Idea Collection" (March 26).

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learn to moan and roll my eyes when my boss says that he wants a speech in two days—although I know I will actually write it (for better or worse) in two hours.

The idea seems to be to use quotations to fill up the space between the emphatic statements of concern and the bold policy initiatives. I am bad on quotations, however, because in college, when I should have been stocking them up like a strategic petroleum reserve, I spent my time studying the works of Karl Marx. Marx actually said some things that were pretty relevant to the 1984 campaign ("Easy come, easy go," *Eighteenth Brumaire*, page 19), but Senator Hollings does not exhibit much interest in his pithy aphorisms. Instead, I was asked to draw on my knowledge of Hamilton, Jefferson, Montesquieu, the whole "petty bourgeois" crowd I cavalierly dismissed in college. After proffering Hollings a rather complex thought from the Great Emancipator ("That's the sorriest Lincoln quote I've ever seen"), I decide to abandon quotations altogether. The point is to get them to quote you, not for you to quote them, right?

Speechwriters are supposed to sit behind the scenes, carefully crafting the themes and imagery that "the candidate" will "communicate." Caddell is said to play this role for Hart, although in fact Hart has been practicing his "generation" shtick for decades. The only authentic puppet masters in the campaign, I suspect, are those pulling the strings on John Glenn, who is changing "themes" faster than the doomed test pilots in Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff* ("I've tried A, I've tried B, I've tried C") and who reads his speeches complete with typos.

Hollings is a different sort, as I find out when he throws one of my proudest efforts in the trash, claiming that I am trying to make him "sound like a girl." (I had used the word "silliest.") Good to be a candidate not captive of his staff. Less fun to be the staff. Luckily, The Candidate himself is a fount of ideas, which I quickly learn to recycle to him in printed form, a technique that increases the chances—still slim—that T.C. will actually read the text I have prepared. Such "discipline" is important in a modern nationwide campaign, where what you say is not really said unless the press covers it, and the press will not cover it unless alerted ahead of time. This logistical necessity lends Presidential campaigning much of its phony, circular quality, where every "new development" is known well in advance.

Hollings, unfortunately, seems to feel his job is actually to convince the voters in his audience. (Hart, by contrast, repeatedly delivers speeches that play well in the press, even though the actual audience response is described as "not overly enthusiastic.") The low point of the campaign for our "advance" team comes in Boston, where T.C. tosses aside a carefully prepared anti-Mondale broadside ("Fritz Mondale takes his orders from Lane Kirkland") because he thinks the Harvard audience would prefer to listen to his provocative analysis of the 1930 Smoot-Hawley tariff. The audience applauds, but the TV reporters—who have dragged their cameramen to the event after being promised T.C. would blast Kirkland—take a while to cool off.

My toughest assignment is a speech in January on the federal deficit for a crowd of businessmen. It is a success, although my colleagues break it to me gently that T.C. departed somewhat from the text. Still, Tom Wicker actually quotes a sentence from it that I, and not T.C., have written. I am very proud of myself. I begin to like speechwriting.

A few days later, This Week's Campaign Manager pulls me aside and asks me to forget speechwriting and "go to New York." I am suspicious of this new opportunity, since this particular campaign manager had opened his first meeting with T.C. by tactfully asking me to leave ("Mickey, do you have something else to do?"). But I detect a note of genuine desperation in his voice, so I go to New York.

NEW YORK: In New York, it becomes apparent that the desperation is amply justified. The problem is the New York ballot: you need 10,000 signatures to get on. We are told we have "commitments" for about 6,000. That leaves us one week to get at least 4,000 more. Mondale's organization, it is rumored, already has 50,000 signatures in the can. But his organizers are still out on the streets, trying to soak up signatures that might go to other candidates. This causes a certain amount of ill will.

Hollings's signature-gathering operation is headquartered in the cramped three-room office of one of New York's booming service industries. The service provided by this particular industry is a system for betting on horse races. Tattered testimonials from celebrities who use the system line the walls, and the bright green carpeting is turning up in the corners like stale cheese. (Later, when we are packing up, we discover a box of Glenn leaflets. The entrepreneur who has lent us his office is also the local coordinator for Glenn.)

I get my assignment. It occurs to me that a campaign that sends its speechwriter out onto the streets of New York to gather signatures is either a campaign that wants to get rid of its speechwriter or a campaign in serious trouble. But I am eager to find out what actual Americans think about T.C.

Have you ever tried to stop New Yorkers on the street to ask them—excuse me, ma'am—if by any chance they are registered Democrats, and if so would they mind signing this petition held out by a stranger for an unknown southern Senator whom the 1 percent of New Yorkers who've heard of him think is a Claghorn racist who despises artists and homosexuals, believes the Rosenbergs were guilty, and will start a nuclear war? Yes, ma'am, he is the one whom Caroline Kennedy endorsed. No, he's not opposed to abortion—that's Askew. Sure, you can sign someone else's petition (only it won't count, heh, heh). Now, if you could just give me your full address, too, with zip code. No, we won't be sending you any mail. We don't have the money. Thanks anyway, ma'am.

At first I try the sidewalk in front of the big Barnes & Noble bookstore at Fifth Avenue and Eighteenth Street.

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Nice bookish crowd. Good signature territory, I figure. Except that most of the customers turn out to be Nigerian immigrants who are very apologetic about not being able to vote in this country.

I try the Village (too many apolitical gays). I try the Whitney Museum (tourists). I try Zabar's delicatessen (a hotbed of Cranstonites). I try the Bloomingdale's subway stop (pretty good). But it is only four days later, when I am wandering around Washington Square, unshaven, accosting passersby with what must by now be a somewhat menacing tone of desperation, that a young, well-scrubbed man wearing a Hart button gives me some better advice. "You should try SoHo," he says. "It's the best place." I sense something right then about the Hart campaign that is borne out by all my subsequent encounters with Hart volunteers, who are invariably clean, friendly, and slightly nerdy, while exuding an air of complete technical competence. "We got our ten thousand yesterday," the Hart techie tells me. "Good luck."

After a while at signature gathering, you develop specialties. My partner one day is a pasty-faced young press aide named Brooks Fudenberg, who talks with a laborious precision ("Hellowww, this is Br-r-rooks Few-den-berg"). But Fudenberg has a mystical rapport with blacks, who invariably respond to his somewhat stereotyped pitch about how T.C. (whom Fudenberg calls "my man") is a major supporter of the Women, Infants, and Children nutrition program.

MY SPECIALTY is fiftyish white women whom I can treat as if they were my friends' parents. Young, clean-cut males are treacherous—they could turn out to be friendly grad students, but they could also be surly New Wave types who will start muttering "Fuck politics! Fuck all the politicians! Fuck the whole goddamned ball game!" as they stumble off backward down the street, knocking over garbage cans. Pretty women are more likely to sign than unattractive women, I discover, perhaps because they are more accustomed to being accosted.

A man with a clipboard on a good corner in SoHo can collect approximately 18 signatures an hour. In five hellish days, three of us gather about 2,000. Most will never stand up to a challenge. Some are from New Jersey. One is from Ontario, Canada. At headquarters, I learn that the political operator who promised to get us 5,000 of our 10,000 signatures has come in with none. That means we are still short, with less than twenty-four hours to file. No one knows where the extra signatures might come from. I'm not sure I want to know. When This Week's Campaign Manager decides to pull the plug eight hours before the deadline, I am relieved. The news release is held for Saturday, traditionally the day fewest people read the papers, but it leaks out on Friday. "Senator Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina dropped out of the New York Presidential primary today, and his state manager contended that the rules for getting on the April 3 ballot were stacked in favor of Walter Mondale." I think it plays rather well, considering.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: After New York, Manchester is a relief. We have a real office, right above the Frugal Fashion Outlet on the main street. Voters seem to have heard of T.C., and most seem to like him, although the polls put us at 4 percent instead of the rumored 9 percent. There are no surly New Wavers. I love it.

Still, something is missing. I remember a cynical friend of mine telling me that grown men join Presidential campaigns for three reasons: to get jobs, to write about it, and to sleep with starlets. Now I realize what is missing. Hart has all the glamorous celebrities—Goldie Hawn, Mary Tyler Moore, Warren Beatty, Carole King. We have Ruth Warrick, who plays the aging bitch on the soap "All My Children." Warrick draws enthusiastic mall crowds, but somehow she's not what this ol' yuppie's fantasies are made of. It could have been worse, I tell myself. Cranston's big celebrity is Lillian Hellman.

I am put "in charge" of Salem, a growing town of 10,000 not far from the Massachusetts border. A private contractor has canvassed Salem's voters by telephone for us. Depending upon what they have told the canvassers, they are ranked as follows: (1.) committed to T.C. (2.) leaning to T.C. (3.) undecided (4.) committed to someone else. There is a separate index card for each voter. My stack of 3's is huge, but I have only about twenty 1's.

The index cards are designed to help "pull" our voters to the polls, but I have so few voters to pull that it is decided I should concentrate on establishing a "presence" in Salem. This means distributing leaflets and putting up lawn signs. After trying to hammer two signs into the frigid earth, I give up and concentrate on door-to-door leafleting. Our press secretary has designed a cute foldout number that cleverly does not mention T.C.'s name until the intrigued voter opens it up. We consider it far superior to Hart's fliers, which hammer unsubtly at his trite "new generation" theme.

The main problem with leafleting is storm doors. Do you open the door and stick your leaflet inside, outraging the more privacy-conscious tenants, or do you stick the leaflet in the crack between the storm door and frame where it is at the mercy of any passing breeze? A tough policy decision. Still, I like leafleting. It is healthy, and seems more productive than standing around the office waiting to get in a word with T.C. or This Week's Campaign Manager. On the other hand, it is exhausting. I am telling myself that this is my last campaign when I pass by a wheezing middle-aged man with a sunken look on his face, trudging up the same street that I am working. I realize that he is a door-to-door salesman who does this sort of thing for a living. I am flooded with a mixture of admiration and pity.

In the remaining four days before the primary I try to call my 3's (undecideds). I make it through about half. Virtually none of the 3's have made up their minds since they were last called—ominous news for Mondale. A shocking number of voters seem to be taking their decision extremely seriously. They have read up on the candidates'

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positions, and they are planning to do more reading over the weekend. They talk intelligently about the issues. At least part of this conscientiousness, it seems, is the direct product of the much-lamented "disproportionate influence" these first-in-the-nation voters wield. They are, in a sense, professional ballot casters. They have changed history before, and they take their power to change it again very seriously. The voters in subsequent states may be stampeded by media hype, but I don't think the New Hampshire voters who start the stampede are.

More and more, however, these conscientious citizens are not answering their phones, or using their children to screen out callers. When they do answer, they tell me I am the seventh or eighth call they have received that day. The Mondale camp has so many troops that they are calling every voter three times, and then sending each a little note to apologize for the disturbance and warn that, nevertheless, "we're going to call you one more time."

T.C. BEGINS the day before the election with a tour of three diners in West Manchester. A profile of Hollings on CBS News had featured a voter who, failing to remember T.C.'s name after shaking his hand, said, "I think he said his name was 'Rollins,' or something." So the diner tour is immediately dubbed the Rolling Rollins Rally by cynical staffers. The most cynical staffers chant "Rollins! Rollins! He's our man!" as T.C. enters the diners to greet one or two bemused breakfasters. The tour is a disaster.

I go home to the air mattress early, depressed. My host cheers me up by showing me a videotape of the speech T.C. had delivered at a Democratic fundraiser the day before. The speech is terrific—a funny, rousing, ad-libbed stem-winder that throws together every theme Hollings has come up with over the past four months. The sort of speech Gary Hart will never give.

On election morning, my roommate walks across the room in his sleep and turns off the alarm so by the time I get to Salem the polls have already been open for half an hour. I feel incredibly guilty (HOLLINGS LOSES SALEM BY 3 VOTES), even though I haven't missed anything. There are basically two things you can do on Election Day: stand at the polls, and "pull votes." I try both. Poll standing turns out to be complicated by arcane local election rules, which decree that if you want to stand by the door of the polling place you can't talk politics or hold a sign. If you want to hold a sign or talk about anything other than the weather, you must stand outside at the entrance to the parking lot, 150 feet away, where, on this particular morning, it is twenty-five degrees and sleeting.

I decide to freeze for a few hours. With me is a friendly, stout Mondale man. He is holding his sign as a favor for his brother, he tells me. Later a Hart techie shows up. He looks as if he'd been up late hacking. I venture the opinion that Hart looks awfully good when you first know him but that he doesn't sit that well over time. "I guess that's a matter of opinion, isn't it?" the techie snaps back. I am embarrassed and learn never to argue politics with an opposing volunteer.

As the day wears on, the camaraderie among the rival Democratic camps increases. I travel to a second polling place, where I encounter a freezing McGovern volunteer from Yale who needs a ride to another precinct. I give it to him. Then I give him a ride back. Then I tell myself what a rube I am for turning Hollings's Salem campaign into a shuttle-bus service for McGovern.

Two well-dressed figures show up, and I recognize one as Bert Carp, a Mondale adviser. I ask Carp if Mondale is ready to be serene in defeat. Carp says confidently that the previous day's poll, showing Hart even with Mondale, will only "get our people angry. We're not going to get beaten." At this point Carp's partner, a sinister-looking fellow in a trench coat, walks up to a voter and says, "Hi, I'm Bill Mondale. Walter Mondale's son." Here is a way to talk politics without talking politics. I think about introducing myself as Ernest Hollings's cousin, but give up. It is time to initiate my "vote pulling" operation.

One technique of vote pulling is to give rides to the polls to your supporters. The Mondale camp has four-wheel-drive vehicles circling in the snow for this purpose. I have an old Volvo that I have vacuumed for the occasion. I begin calling all my 1's and 2's to make sure they have voted. Finally, I locate a 1 who says she needs a ride.

Now, it's not sporting to make a voter promise to support your candidate before deciding whether to give her a ride or leave her stranded in the snow—secret ballot and all that. But my faith in the Hollings vote canvassers is somewhat shaken when my pullee, a short, middle-aged housewife (with, I couldn't help noticing, two cars in her driveway), climbs into the passenger seat and asks, "Who is Hollings, now?" Perhaps a bracing earful of propaganda will remind her. I carefully outline T.C.'s strengths and his opponents' weaknesses—rather skillfully, I think. I have learned something in the last two weeks, after all. I hold the door open for my guest, and hold my umbrella over her head as she makes her way through the muck and sleet into the polling place. Joking with my competitors outside, I feel like a fellow professional. I have gotten *one* vote. I wait and wait. At last my convert emerges.

"Hollings, Cranston—I get them so mixed up. I'm not sure which one I voted for."

It takes all my commitment to democracy to repress the strong desire to ask her how she plans to get home.

BY THE TIME I reach the Hollings victory party, T.C. has already delivered his concession speech. We have 4 percent of the vote, better than Askew or Cranston, but not enough to go on. Hollings pulls out of there two days later, and endorses Hart the next week.

The official in-house line is that we were up at 8 or 9 percent in the tracking polls before the Iowa caucuses where we got a shot of bad publicity because we didn't compete. I'd like to believe that, although I suspect that all losing campaigns have similar excuses, and I hate postmortems anyway.

Mainly, I'm still waiting for the adrenaline to hit. □

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Truman was a hell of a President.

GIVE 'EM HARRY

BY WILLIAM E. LEUCHTENBURG

IT IS DIFFICULT to see to it that the centennial of your birth comes at a propitious time, but Harry S. Truman, born May 8, 1884, could not have arranged for a more felicitous moment. In the mid-1970s the country was swept by a tidal wave of approval for the thirty-third President, which *Time* labeled "Trumania," and there is no sign that the popular enthusiasm has significantly ebbed. In fact, we may anticipate that in this centennial season the country will get quite carried away with expressions of affection for old Harry.

At its zenith in 1975 and 1976, "Trumania" took a remarkable variety of forms. James Whitmore's impersonation, entitled *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*, played to standing room only; Merle Miller's oral history, *Plain Speaking*, was a runaway best-seller; Stuckey's reported that Truman was the No. 1 choice among the Presidential plates they offered at their roadside shops; and the rock group Chicago brought down the house with this lyric: "America needs you, Harry Truman,/Harry, could you please come home?"

"There's no doubt about the Truman mystique," *Washington Post* reporter Haynes Johnson wrote from Independence, Missouri, in the fall of 1976. "Go to the Truman Library here, and you'll see crowds approaching the exhibits in an atmosphere of reverence."

In 1976 both Presidential candidates claimed Truman as their model. Red-eyed, fighting back tears, his voice quavering, President Ford told a crowd in Independence that on the day he was sworn into office an aide suggested hanging a portrait of Andrew Jackson in the place of honor in the Cabinet Room, and he had replied, "No, Harry Truman." Ford sought to present himself that year as a Truman-like, plainspoken son of the people who had come to the highest office by chance, was an underdog in his race for election in his own right, and would bedevil the experts by winning a surprise victory. When despite this appeal Ford lost to Jimmy Carter in November, Truman still held his own. Less than a month after his inauguration, President Carter retrieved Truman's famous sign, "The Buck Stops Here," from Independence and placed it on his desk at the White House. (A year later sharp-eyed critics noted that it was no longer on the desk but on a side table.)

This infatuation derived not entirely from fondness for Truman's policies but rather from admiration for his character and temperament. Trumania, as historian John Lukacs notes, "was the national appreciation for a man of the older American type: outspoken, courageous, loyal to his friends, solidly rooted in his mid-American past, and *real*—a self-crafted piece of solid wood, not a molded plastic piece." Lukacs notes that Truman once wrote a memo: "I wonder how far Moses would have gone if he'd taken a poll of Egypt? What would Jesus Christ have preached if he'd taken a poll in Israel? . . . It isn't polls or public opinion of the moment that counts. It is right and wrong."

In the aftermath of Watergate, the country came to treasure Harry Truman's special qualities: integrity, spunk, directness. In his well-worn copy of Marcus Aurelius's *Meditations*, Truman had underlined: "If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it." A man of scrupulous honesty, he insisted, when he wrote personal letters from the White House, on buying his own stamps and pasting them on. No one doubted his decisiveness or his grit. Truman, as Gerald Ford said, "was never afraid of the heat of the kitchen." He had an instinctive aversion to people he called "counterfeits." (His grandfather had counseled him that whenever you heard someone praying conspicuously loudly, "you'd better go home and lock your smokehouse.") Simple in manner, he was no less straightforward in speech; Nixon, he once said, was a "shifty-eyed goddam liar." When a woman, offended by Truman's use of the word "manure," asked Mrs. Truman, "Bess, couldn't you get the President to say 'fertilizer'?" the First Lady replied, "Heavens, no! It took me twenty-five years to get him to say 'manure.' " (The lesson was not well learned. A former Cabinet officer, Truman told an interviewer, "didn't know shit from apple butter.")

Above all, at a time of apprehension about the imperial Presidency, Truman's modest view of himself was refreshing. At his reunion breakfast with his World War I outfit, Battery D, on Inauguration Day, 1949, Truman said, "We'll have none of that now. When I put on those striped pants and that top hat, you can call me 'Mr. President,' but here and at all such reunion occasions you can make it just 'Captain Harry.' " That same month he

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told the Democratic Finance Committee, "I am just an ordinary human being who has been lucky—or unlucky, whichever way you want to look at it. And I have always said that I am sure there are a million men in the United States, no doubt, who could do the job better than I can, or could do it. But I have the job, and I have to do it, and the rest of you have to help me." Some time after he left the White House, a reporter asked him whether he had not become a bit less feisty. "Not in the slightest degree," Truman answered. "They are trying to make a statesman out of me, but they will never succeed." He meant it, too. When he visited Athens in 1964, he refused to look at a life-sized statue of himself not far from the hotel at which he was staying, because he thought it improper to erect statues of living persons. By then, everyone was wild about Harry—and no wonder.

IT WAS NOT always so. A generation earlier, the Republican leader in the House, Joe Martin, had called Truman "the worst President in history," Robert Taft had referred to him as "that roughneck ward politician," and Gerald Ford had deplored Truman's "shabby lack of concern over the public welfare." President Truman, *Time* declared, was "awkward, uninspired, and above all, mediocre." By 1946, only a year after he took office, he was already so unpopular that the Democrats hid him away during the midterm election campaign; the party preferred to rely on recordings of Franklin Roosevelt's voice instead. When the Democrats went down to defeat, J. William Fulbright and others suggested that Truman resign from office on the spot instead of serving out his term. Two years later, Democratic leaders, including two of F.D.R.'s sons, launched a "dump Truman" movement to deny the President his party's nomination; Americans for Democratic Action, the leading liberal group, plumped for a Democratic ticket of Dwight D. Eisenhower and William O. Douglas. At the national convention in Philadelphia that year, delegates sported buttons announcing "We're just Mild about Harry." Truman's second term was even rougher. Saddled with the blame for an unpopular war in Korea and for the scandals that disfigured his Administration, Truman saw his approval rating in the polls fall to an abysmal 23 percent, the lowest ever recorded, before or since. Not even Nixon on the eve of his resignation in disgrace would sink that low.

A good many historians have concluded that the contemporary judgment was right on the mark. Beginning in the late 1960s, they came to view Truman as the source of many of America's troubles. Even at the height of Trumania, Garry Wills published a piece in *Esquire* entitled, "I'm Not Wild About Harry: The Bull Stops Here." Diplomatic historians in particular were unimpressed by Truman's highly vaunted personal traits, for they found his blunt ways and his cockiness to be liabilities in the conduct of foreign affairs. "Truman's legendary decisiveness has been much exaggerated," Daniel Yergin has written. "What appeared to be decisiveness was often a mask for insecurity and lack of information." Furthermore, Truman is accused of fostering both the military-industrial complex and the imperial Presidency, on the grounds that the creation of new agencies such as the C.I.A. resulted in the expansion of executive authority removed from democratic control.

To revisionist historians the villain of the cold war was not Joseph Stalin but Harry Truman. By abandoning Franklin Roosevelt's policy of recognizing a Soviet sphere of influence in Eastern Europe, Truman, they charged, set the United States on a tragic course of conflict with a Soviet Union that did not have imperial ambitions but was only seeking security for its borders. Truman, they point out, was in office less than a year when he was saying that "unless Russia is faced with an iron fist and strong language, another war is in the making." They note, too, that in a 1946 memorandum Truman's adviser Clark Clifford went so far as to say that the United States "must be prepared to wage atomic and biological warfare" to protect its interests. The doctrine of containment, they argue, was mischievous enough in Europe, where Truman precipitated an unnecessary crisis by badly exaggerating the Russian threat to Greece, but had even worse long-range consequences when misapplied in Asia. It was Truman, they emphasize, who took the first steps toward the Vietnam disaster, for by 1951 the United States was paying 40 percent of the French war costs in Southeast Asia. Finally, they conclude, Truman is responsible for the militarization of American foreign policy—the steep escalation in armaments expenditures, the rush to build the hydrogen bomb, the creation of NATO, the re-arming of Germany.

TRUMAN'S CRITICS further maintain that by his anti-Communist rhetoric and actions he fostered the era of McCarthyism. They observe that it was not McCarthy but Truman who first alarmed the country about the "Red menace," and that it was Truman who instituted a loyalty program authorizing the government to inquire into the political beliefs and associations of federal employees, irrespective of whether they were in sensitive posts. They note, too, that it was Truman's attorney general who launched the prosecution of Communist Party leaders under the Smith Act, and that the attorney general's list of subversive organizations damaged any number of Americans guilty of nothing more than wanting to make their country a more democratic place. In sum, writes Richard Freeland in *The Truman Doctrine and the Origins of McCarthyism*, "the practices of McCarthyism were Truman's practices in cruder hands."

The revisionists acknowledge that Truman advocated a great many reforms, but they view him as a charlatan who gave only lip service to social advances because he was much more conservative than he pretended to be. They note that after submitting a civil rights message in 1948 he refused to send Congress any legislation on the subject, and that after the Taft-Hartley Act was passed over his veto, he invoked it more times in 1948 alone than Eisenhower did in eight years in office. They find that

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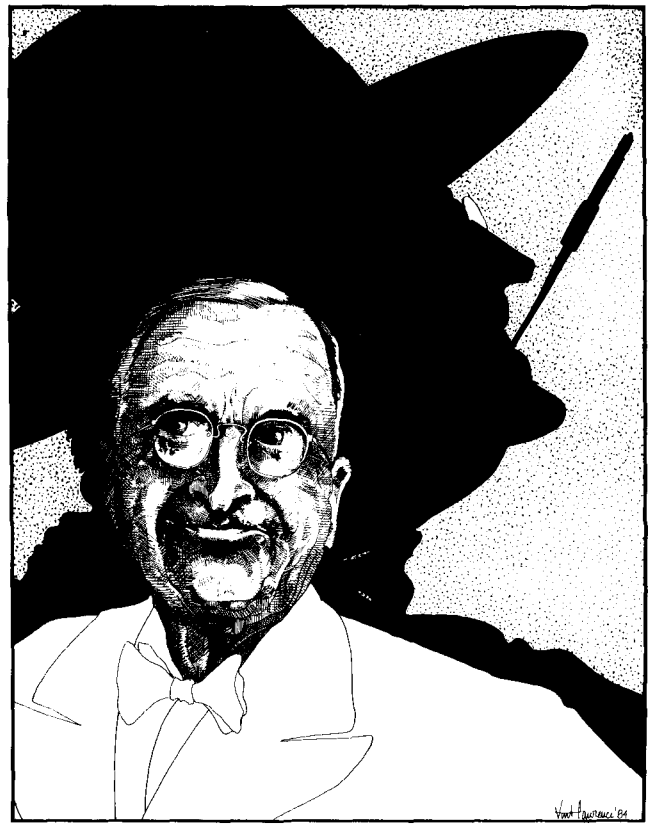
understandable, for they perceive him to be instinctively anti-labor. They observe that in 1946 he responded to a rail strike by writing a speech in which he called on war veterans to "eliminate" several prominent labor leaders as well as "the Russian Senators and Representatives" and "hang a few traitors." He did not deliver that address, but he did ask Congress to draft strikers into the armed forces. When his attorney general raised doubts about the constitutionality of this proposal, Truman said, "We'll draft 'em first and think about the law later." They accuse him also of replacing F.D.R.'s appointees, both during the period of reconversion and later, with men who were either too friendly to special interests or were downright venal.

In *The Rise to Globalism*, Stephen Ambrose summed up the argument of the revisionists. When Truman's tenure was over, Ambrose concluded, he left "an American presence on every continent of the world, an enormously expanded armament industry, American corporations in Europe and Latin American on a scale surpassing Herbert Hoover's wildest dreams, and an end to all but verbal commitment to the one-third of the nation Franklin Roosevelt had characterized as 'ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed.' "



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

This hypercritical view of Truman has never commanded the assent of most historians, however. Despite the fluctuations in popular opinion, the historical profession has given Truman high ratings each time it has been surveyed. In 1962 a poll of historians conducted by the senior Arthur Schlesinger put Truman in eighth place among all American Presidents. His "near great" ranking bracketed him with Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Andrew Jackson. Truman, Schlesinger said, had "discharged impressively the awesome obligations devolving on the United States as the leader of the free world." Twenty years later, a few more Chief Executives had come and gone, but three new polls found him still resting securely in eighth place and once more characterized as "near great."

Even in the early years when Truman was most in popular disfavor, historians gave him very good marks. One of the first of the chroniclers, Henry Steele Commager, predicted that the historian of the early twenty-first century would look back on the Truman Administration as "one of almost uninterrupted and unparalleled success." In 1955 Commager's longtime Columbia colleague, Allan Nevins, wrote: "What a cocky, decisive person he is, with an instinct for the right act—in major affairs—worth tons of formal education; and what a down-to-earth Missouri farmer outlook he kept through all his ascendancy. A unique figure in our political annals." Five years later, Clinton Rossiter, who was already ranking Truman among the top American Presidents, wrote, "I am ready to hazard an opinion, to which I came, I confess manfully, with dragging feet, that Harry S. Truman will eventually win a place as President alongside Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt. There will be at least a half-dozen Presidents strung out below him who were more able and large-minded, but he had the good fortune to preside in stirring times and will reap large credit for having survived them." More recently, Alonzo Hamby has observed that Truman was more "learned and perceptive than even his admirers understood," and Robert Ferrell has concluded that it was Truman who "preserved the Republic into our own time."

How can that be? Given the portrait the revisionists have painted of Truman—inept Chief Executive, cold warrior, progenitor of McCarthyism, traducer of the New Deal—how can he so uniformly be rated "near great"? For three reasons. First, most historians reject the assumptions of the President's critics, especially their conviction that Truman should be assigned the chief responsibility for the cold war. (They would either place the blame on Russian aggression which Truman properly resisted, or eschew the notion of blame by stressing the inevitability of conflict between two superpowers.) Second, they maintain that the situation Truman found himself in made it impossible for him to meet the requirements of the revisionists. He could not be the architect of a new era of reform, for he inherited a bipartisan conservative coalition in Congress that since 1938 had outmatched F.D.R., and it was unreasonable to ask him to hold down prices in a period of reconversion when the nation, or at least the dominant segment of it, was unwilling to accept controls. Finally, and most important, they believe that Truman should be credited with an impressive array of achievements that more than offsets his shortcomings.

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Few Chief Executives have left so great a mark upon the office of the Presidency as Harry Truman. In less than eight years, Congress unified the armed forces under the Department of Defense in the Pentagon, gave the Joint Chiefs of Staff legal status, and created a panoply of new agencies: the National Security Council, the Central Intelligence Agency, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Council of Economic Advisors. By January 1947 the President was sending three separate messages to Congress—the State of the Union, the Budget, and the Economic Report. While welcoming many of these developments, Truman made clear that he would permit none to infringe upon his own prerogatives. To demonstrate that he was rejecting the notion that Congress could require him to seek the advice of the National Security Council before acting, he made a point of attending meetings of the N.S.C. irregularly. Again and again, he was heard to say, "I mean to pass this office on to my successor unimpaired."

Though he was never consumed by *folie de grandeur*, he took a fierce pride in the office he felt honored to hold. On the way to his inauguration in 1953, Dwight Eisenhower told Truman patronizingly that he had not attended Truman's inauguration because "If I had been present I would have drawn attention away from you." Truman responded, "You were not here in 1949 because I did not send for you. But if I had sent for you, you would have come." When, to maintain the principle of civilian authority, Truman resolved to dismiss General MacArthur, a young White House aide suggested that he could protect himself by saying that he was acting with the unanimous approval of his advisers. "Son, not tonight," Truman replied. "Tonight I am taking this decision on my own responsibility as President of the United States and I want nobody to think I am sharing it. Tonight it is my decision and mine alone."

Under this unassuming but proud man, the United States completed the process begun by Roosevelt of moving away from isolationism into internationalism, a transition symbolized by the founding of the United Nations. Truman had an almost childlike faith in the possibilities of a world organization to preserve the peace. Ever since high school he had carried in his wallet hand-written lines from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall": "Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled/In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

TRUMAN'S VERY FIRST decision was that the San Francisco conference was not to be postponed because of Roosevelt's death but would meet on schedule. By early evening of June 28, 1945, the delegates had affixed their names to the Charter of the United Nations, and on July 28, 1945, the United States, as if to make up in haste for its record after Versailles, became the first major power to ratify the charter.

Over the next several years, Truman led the country through an extraordinary progression of events in foreign affairs—the victory over Germany and Japan and the subsequent occupation of both countries, the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the recognition of Israel, the North Atlantic Treaty Alliance, and the Point Four program of foreign aid to the Third World, all the while carrying on an unremitting struggle with the Soviet Union. Nothing illustrates so well his skill in resisting the Russians while averting war as the success of the Berlin airlift. At the time, the *New Statesman and Nation* wrote, "Every expert knows that aircraft, despite their immense psychological effect, cannot be relied upon to provision Berlin in the winter months." Yet all through the winter of 1948-49, American and British planes ferried food, coal, and other material into the beleaguered city. On May 12, 1949, after 321 days of an airlift in which pilots had flown 277,000 missions and brought more than two million tons to the city, more than a ton for each Berliner, the Soviets capitulated and the rail lines and highways into the city were reopened.

YET IMPRESSIVE though that performance was, it is the Marshall Plan that is Truman's monument in foreign affairs. In the aftermath of World War II, Europe had become, in Winston Churchill's words, "a rubble heap, a charnel house, a breeding ground of pestilence and hate," and the financial editor of Reuters wrote, "The biggest crash since the fall of Constantinople—the collapse of the heart of Europe—impends." To avert this threatened disaster, Truman asked Congress for billions of dollars in American expenditures, and Congress, not without misgivings, responded. The plan proved to be a spectacular success. It met and surpassed every production target; by 1952 output in Europe was 200 percent higher than in 1938. In London, *The Economist* stated, "Marshall Aid is the most straightforwardly generous thing that any country has ever done for others, the fullest expression so far of that American idealism on which all of the hopes of the West depend." No doubt that statement is a bit extravagant. But Winston Churchill was even more grandiloquent about the President's record in the international realm. "I must confess, sir," Churchill told Truman over dinner in 1952, "I loathed your taking the place of Franklin Roosevelt." He paused, then added, "I misjudged you badly. Since that time, you, more than any other man, have saved Western civilization."

Though Truman's accomplishments in domestic affairs were not as memorable, they were far from insubstantial. In 1945 many feared that the United States was headed toward another postwar reaction such as the one that had followed the first world war, but Truman successfully defended the legacy of the New Deal and challenged Congress with recommendations for a battery of F.D.R.-style reforms. Furthermore, he made his own contribution by developing the program of the Fair Deal. Not much came of it, but he could claim some modest successes: the expansion of Social Security, a rise in the minimum wage, public housing, a liberalized Displaced

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Persons Act, new public power ventures. In his second term, he moved beyond the legacy of the Depression-born New Deal to offer policies appropriate to an era of economic growth. Most important, he set the agenda for future Administrations by calling for civil rights statutes, national health insurance, and federal aid to education. In the 1960s, versions of each of these programs came to fruition. In 1965 President Johnson made a sentimental journey to Independence to sign the Medicare bill into law while a beaming Truman looked on.

Overshadowing all of these achievements, however, is Truman's record in the field of civil rights. The grandson of a slaveowner, a man who never got over using the word "nigger" in conversation, Truman became the first American President of this century to identify himself with the elimination of racial discrimination. In December 1946 he set up a President's Committee on Civil Rights which in October 1947 issued its historic report, *To Secure These Rights*, recommending a series of changes in racial practices. Though at times Truman needed some prodding, he largely kept faith with the spirit of that document. He issued an executive order banning discrimination in federal employment, stepped up the pace of desegregation of the armed forces, and authorized his representatives to go before the Supreme Court to urge action against racial discrimination. In 1948 he became the first President to campaign in Harlem.

Truman did all these things because, though not altogether free of prejudice, he had an abiding faith in the fundamental rights of all Americans. At a confrontation in the White House in March 1948, the Democratic National Committeewoman from Alabama said to the President, "I want to take a message back to the South. Can I tell them you're not ramming miscegenation down our throats—that you're not for tearing up our social structure—that you're for all the people, not just the North?" Truman replied, "Well, I've got the answer right here for you," as he pulled a copy of the Constitution from his coat pocket and then proceeded to read her the Bill of Rights.

Few of Truman's accomplishments would have been possible if he had not succeeded in maintaining the Democrats in power for another four years by his gritty performance in 1948. To be sure, he won principally because he had the good fortune to inherit the F.D.R. coalition. But it is also true that his sassy, give-'em-hell-Harry campaign inspired the Democrats. In his whistle-stop tour of the country that fall, Truman traveled 22,000 miles, gave 271 speeches attacking the "do-nothing, good-for-nothing" Republican Eightieth Congress, and won an altogether unexpected victory that gave the age of Roosevelt a four-year extension and secured for himself a permanent place in political folklore.

GIVEN THE impressive record, is it possible that historians in the future will move Truman still higher—into the category of "great" Presidents? Possible, but not likely, and for more than one reason. If the case of the revisionists has been overargued, not all of their strictures are wide of the mark. Truman did sometimes exacerbate relations with the Russians; he did make any number of poor appointments; and he did contribute to the postwar Red scare. What one misses most in Truman, though, is a certain largeness of vision. "His customary air was that of an alert shopkeeper," William Manchester has noted, and that his visitors, even a caller like Anthony Eden, "were always referred to by the President as 'the customers.' " Even historians who have conceded that Truman may have had little choice but to drop the atomic bomb have been puzzled that so distressful a decision gave him so little cause for reflection. At times, too, Truman's much-admired feistiness degenerated into bad temper. His biographer Cabell Phillips has concluded, "He could always see 'the big picture' and he could organize and digest a staggering mass of detail, but he was never certain about what was going on outside his range of vision."

In one of the most balanced assessments of Truman's place in history, Daniel Yergin has written: "One can easily imagine men who would have done worse in those difficult circumstances that followed World War II. The nation should be grateful that a man of Truman's character followed Roosevelt into the White House. But one can also imagine men who might have done better, who might have seized opportunities and provided a clear leadership that Truman did not. Had Truman done so, he would have been a hero in his own time, not just a generation later."

PERHAPS THE biggest barrier to Truman's elevation is the shadow cast by F.D.R. on all of his White House years. In late 1946 a leading liberal said, "I look at him, and I say to myself, 'Yes, he's in Roosevelt's chair, yes he is, yes he is.' And then say, 'Oh, no, no, my God, it's impossible.' " Much of the contrast that was drawn was unfair then and continues to be so now. But there is, in truth, a difference in kind between F.D.R.'s achievements and perspective and Harry Truman's, and it is doubly disadvantageous for Truman that he stands in direct proximity to Roosevelt. As James Wechsler said at the time, "His deepest misfortune was to replace a Roosevelt--rather than a Harding—and to face each day the exacting challenge of comparison with his predecessor."

"Near great," then, seems to be the verdict, and not a bad one, nor one that would have displeased Harry Truman. Some years after he left office, Truman reflected, "I wasn't one of the great Presidents, but I had a good time trying to be one, I can tell you that." While Truman was still in the White House, Jonathan Daniels said of him: "What he wants most of all will not be the votes of Illinois or California, but the approval of some small, studious, nearsighted boy or studious, nearsighted President who likes to look things up in the history books." Odds are that the history books, now and in the future, will say that Harry S. Truman, born a century ago, ranks close to the top. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Playing Around With Facts

I don't know anything about rock, but I know what I like. Rock films. Specifically, documentaries of rock musicians and their concerts that open up the world around the music. The first such film that I saw was *What's Happening* (1964), made by Albert and David Maysles about the Beatles' first visit to America, a record of popular frenzy

This Is Spinal Tap
(Embassy)

Swing Shift
(Warner Brothers)

seen from the view of the excited, happy, somewhat incredulous boys who were the cause of it. In one sequence the camera was inside the Beatles' limousine with them while crowds pressed against the windows and crowds pressed behind *them*. It was like being deep in a bathysphere while ocean creatures flocked to admire and/or eat you. D. A. Pennebaker's *Dont Look Back* (1966) was an almost symmetrical reply: an account of Bob Dylan in England. *Gimme Shelter* (1970), made by the Maysles brothers and Charlotte Zwerin, was about a California concert by Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones; accidentally—though, for some chilling reason, unsurprisingly—the film recorded a murder in the crowd. Michael Wadleigh's *Woodstock* (1970) needs no comment.

Some bright people have seen that it's high time for *This Is Spinal Tap*. The director, Rob Reiner, parodies the making of a documentary about a British "heavy metal" group on an American tour. Reiner also plays the director of the documentary being made "inside" the film and conducts interviews with the group, some of whom are played by his script collaborators, Michael McKean, Christopher Guest, and Harry Shearer. It's all both splashily and subtly funny. The members of Spinal Tap are aging and are trying to take that fact in pelvic stride, but their popularity is declining. (I wouldn't know why; they don't sound any different to me from other reigning groups that I've heard.) The backstage bickerings, the smarmy trade talk, the press parties and conferences, the vapid heart-to-heart interviews—all are fast and witty. And beneath everything seen and heard is a sardonic view of the entire phenomenon—the music, its public, the very documentary that's being made—that is the source of what makes us laugh. Top compliment: if Monty Python were American, this is the rock-documentary satire they might have made.

Thus the picture, without mentioning it, raises a cultural-historical point. Until well after World War II, the flow of popular music across the Atlantic was almost all West-East. From show tunes to jazz, the British fed on the United States. On my first trip to London in 1951, I was struck by the fact that virtually all the pop music was American. British singers even affected American accents when they sang. (Something that has more or less continued.) For an American, it was hard to imagine living in a country whose pop music came from another country.

Now, the transatlantic flow is, of course, two-way. American music—as well as the American musical—is still big in Britain but far from monopolistic; and now American audiences, especially young ones, expect and get British flavors. Reiner's film, clever throughout, is especially sharp as a satiric comment on youth-enforced cultural change.

Hollywood keeps proving again and again that, though the studios are dead, the studio mentality lingers on—chiefly in that old gilded rule, "Make it the same, only different." The new Goldie Hawn film takes something promisingly different, then slams it into an old formula. The good idea in *Swing Shift* was to make Hawn one of the women—many thousands of them—who took industrial jobs during World War II to replace men who had gone into the armed forces. Many of these women had never thought of doing such work, made self-discoveries while doing it, but were quickly shunted back into domestic routines when the war ended. Around this basic idea of considerable vitality, the script straps some tired old webbings of plot. No, it's not even a plot: it's just a means of filling screen time between the beginning and the end. The characters get in jams that last long enough to make the film feature-length, then the jams are wiped away with a fabricated ending.

The writer was Rob Morton, who, according to trade rumor, doesn't exist: the name is said to be a pseudonym for three collaborators who didn't want to be identified with the film. If so, it's the wisest decision they made about the script. Hawn is the wife of a California worker who enlists in the Navy right after Pearl Harbor. She has never had a job—at least not since marriage; and her husband doesn't want her to take one now. But after he leaves, she goes to work in an aircraft plant, and progresses. There she meets a man who pursues her until he wears down her resistance. The story developments are so mechanical that, when the affair started, I felt nothing about the characters. All I could wonder about was the

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Biquefarre. Georges Rouquier's 1983 sequel to his 1947 *Farrebique*, a humane chronicle of French farm life. (Reviewed 4/23/84)

The Good Fight. Interviews with survivors of the Lincoln Brigade which fought in the Spanish Civil War. Politically incomplete but personally moving. (4/23/84)

Romancing the Stone. Amusing spoof of a wild adventure novel in which a woman author of such novels gets swept away. (5/7/84)

Sugar Cane Alley. A first film by a young black Martinique woman, Euzhan Palcy, about a Martinique boy in 1930. Highly engaging. (4/30/84)

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scriptwriters: how were they going to handle matters when hubby returned without losing sympathy for Hawn? Tacky and tacked together though it all is, I was nonetheless shocked at the writers' nerve in having the husband come home unannounced—after four years' absence—so that he could walk in on trouble. (And I was differently shocked, in this picture ostensibly about women's growth, when Hawn takes her husband's reproof without comment. She never asks him how chaste *he* has been during those four years.)

Hawn's giggles and eye-poppings are by now programmed; besides, she's getting a bit old for cuddly cuteness. The direction of the film, unrelievedly banal, was by Jonathan Demme, who was strenuously overpraised for *Handle with Care* and *Melvin and Howard*. Demme may have, as it's said, a special affinity for prole settings, but he has no notable skill in handling them. *Swing Shift* was shot and edited like an assembly-line studio picture of the period in which it is set—and I don't think this was intended as internal mimesis.

There is one true moment. At the war's end, Hawn and her women coworkers are shown a propaganda picture in which a spokesman thanks them for their contribution to the war effort, then assumes they will all want to hurry back to their homes and their housekeeping. When that picture ends, Hawn and her friends sit silently. The silence has some eloquence; but the picture walks away from it. *Swing Shift* offers as much perception about those women war workers as *Nine to Five* did about women office workers today: none.

Instead of Demme's drivel, try to see, if you can, a documentary by Connie Field called *The Life and Times of Rosie the Riveter* (TNR, May 23, 1981), distributed by First Run Features. Without arthritic plot twists, Field's film provides insights into the lives of five very different women who were built up, then let down by their job experience during World War II—still another kind of seduction and abandonment.

Life at the keyboard after Gould and Rubinstein.

THE FUTURE OF THE PIANO

BY LEON BOTSTEIN

THE deaths last season of Artur Rubinstein and Glenn Gould mark the end of an era, 150 years long, in which the piano and its repertoire reigned supreme. Despite the current crowded international calendar of concerts, the task of keeping the grandeur of the piano and its repertoire alive will not be easy. Although Rubinstein retired from the concert stage several years ago and Gould limited himself to recording, both artists were models and symbols for pianists and concert performers to the end. A third superb pianist, Clifford Curzon, who also died last season, achieved much the same stature. Although never a superstar, Curzon's unerring musicianship earned him a reputation as a pianist's pianist, in a class with Gould and Rubinstein.

Artur Rubinstein was the last remaining link to a now exhausted tradition, that of the elegant, debonair, late nineteenth-century virtuoso. A taste for familiar and flashy Romantic repertoire, a dangerous charm, and a graceful superficiality distinguished many virtuosi before Rubinstein, and made them favorites among concert audiences in search of refined entertainment and amusement—the spectacular aspect of public music making. Unlike 81-year-old Rudolf Serkin, who has never affected the classic manner of the virtuoso personality, Claudio Arrau and Vladimir Horowitz, two of Serkin's contemporaries, well past their prime and almost a generation younger than Rubinstein, still evoke that larger than life

Leon Botstein, president of Bard College and Simon's Rock, is writing a social history of music in Vienna at the turn of the century.

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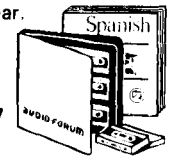

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quality of the virtuoso of the past.

Rubinstein, crowd pleaser and cultivated dandy, was a toned-down version of the fin de siècle piano virtuoso. He adapted the flamboyant tradition of interpretation favored by pianists like Anton Rubinstein, modifying it with his comparatively restrained musical sense of line and a commanding, clean technique. He played the music of the past exclusively and composed neither serious works nor salon pieces. Artur Rubinstein's refined version of the volcanic virtuoso temperament displayed the mannerisms of feeling and interpretation of the late nineteenth century, the expressive conventions emulated by practically every piano student since 1900 who has struggled with fragments of Chopin and Schumann. Rubinstein brought such musical clichés of easily grasped feeling and musical narration alive; he bordered on the sentimental but never collapsed into it.

Rubinstein modified turn-of-the-century liberties with tempos, dynamics, and phrasing to fit a modern temperament of restraint, which by midcentury had become hostile to excessive theatricality, gestural display, and decorative ornamentation. Nonetheless, an unabashedly Romantic flow of feeling remained intact. After his initial and startling success (relying heavily on his stage charisma), Rubinstein forced himself in the 1930s, as he was fond of telling, to develop a precise and fluid technique. He succeeded to the very end, making remarkable recordings even in his 80s. Audiences more and more accustomed to mechanically perfect recorded performances, flawless thanks to splicing and the use of multiple takes, never rejected him as an anachronism, either technically or musically.

IN STARK contrast to Rubinstein, the last great lion of the keyboard was Glenn Gould. A Canadian, Gould was not a self-styled heir to a European experience with links to Liszt, Anton Rubinstein, Ignace Paderewski, or Josef Hofmann. Gould's artistry was a compelling symbol of how a North American performer comes to terms with a familiar and traditional European repertoire in the midtwentieth century, when the circumstances of performance have changed radically. Not only is recording technology far advanced technically in the quality of sound, but records claim far larger audiences than live performances. Commercialized concert life has become a rigidified routine, and while audiences for pop and rock music have swelled, self-consciously modern music—the continuing flow of new music for the piano—has failed to draw listeners in large numbers. The modern audience comes to concerts with the sounds of records in their ears, a fact that forces a comparison of the live performer with the most available recordings and not with the "texts" of music.

Gould's brilliant resolution of these modern challenges to the pianist made a virtue of those very qualities that eluded Rubinstein throughout his long career. Painstaking but intense analytical discovery was Gould's forte; he consistently declined to accept even the modernized conventions of interpretation commanded elegantly and expressively by Rubinstein. Recording, in its infancy during Rubinstein's youth, became the central medium for Gould. His pianos were altered to meet the needs of the microphone. All-night solo recording sessions, not packed recitals in Paris and New York, were Gould's moments of profound contact with music. His editing of the tapes and his fanatical sense of perfection opened up opportunities for interpretive manipulation and experimentation in recording that could not survive in the live concert. Gould's repertoire centered on Gibbons, Bach, Mozart, Richard Strauss, and Schönberg—composers on the periphery of Rubinstein's work. Gould developed a pearl-like, crystal clear sound entirely his own; an interpretive acumen which transformed dense but familiar works and revealed their complex compositional logic at a depth foreign to conventional pianistic professionalism.

Laudatory postmortem acclaim has obscured the fact that Gould's achievement was exceptional; unlike Rubinstein's, it was not shaped by or susceptible to imitation. It required an intense sacrifice—the disavowal of the public concert, the centerpiece of music making since the early nineteenth century. Gould's work, unlike Rubinstein's, forced a well-known repertoire out of the limits of conventional interpretation. Rubinstein was a descendant. Gould was an original, and left no heirs. Established pianists like Daniel Barenboim and Vladimir Ashkenazy have followed in Rubinstein's path, not Gould's.

Gould's ambition to be more than a bland copy of past models led him to concentrate on neglected and new works; he attempted to find new ways to make an overplayed, cliché-ridden repertoire sound vital. It also led him to idiosyncracies, iconoclasms, fanaticisms, and an obsessive involvement with a particular sound and method of achieving its translucent effect. Gould ironically revealed how hard it is, despite painstaking attention to detail and nuance and the use of the creative advantages of recording, to make the music of the past yield to a contemporary artistic sensibility.

AFTER GOULD and Rubinstein, one thinks immediately of Vladimir Horowitz, yet another great midtwentieth century symbol of pianistic virtuosity. Horowitz achieved the personal mystery due a spellbinding technical genius. If Rubinstein was the suave, *charmante* man of the salon, whose aristocratic elegance and sentimental passion were muted by an intelligent awareness of our modern respect for text and style, Horowitz was, in his prime, the last in a long tradition of moody and diabolical virtuosi. He was inscrutable, unpredictable, hypnotic, fierce. Rubinstein was no devil, only a self-styled Adonis, a lover of good wine, food, women, and applause. Untroubled by historical criticism or the authoritative claims of musical texts, Horowitz succeeded as a dazzling entertainer, full of tricks and an unerring sense of drama that excited by virtue of theatricality, blazing speed, incomparable facility, and a unique sound. Horowitz, like Gould, perfected his own particular aural signature, took bold steps in interpretations, and championed unusual repertoire like Clementi and Scriabin. Gould, however, took no particular interest in Horowitz's virtuosic manner or repertoire. Horowitz and Rubinstein kept their distance from Schönberg and twentieth-century musical modernism.

With the passing of these great figures from the concert stage, it is increasingly clear that new gimmicks in recording techniques and stylized mannerisms on the stage will not rescue the playing of Bach, Mozart, Chopin, or Rachmaninoff from overexposure and from the soulless technical perfection and predictable habits of interpretation that are the outstanding qualities of most of today's musical performers.

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The stylistic habits which came naturally to Rubinstein reappear as deracinated affectations, crudely altered, in young rising stars like Ivo Pogorelich. The isolation and almost ascetic credo of Gould are reminders of the limited gains and enormous sacrifices that face the performer who wishes to transform the task of the instrumentalist who stays with the standard repertoire from one of mechanical emulation into one of inspired creation. The time has come, after Gould, to extend the task of the performer beyond the stylistic reflexes of Rubinstein, beyond the limits of extant practice and the current repertoire. After Horowitz, technical skill, personal mystery, and even eccentricity alone are tiresome.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

The first great keyboard virtuosi were not mere performers, but improvisers and composers: Bach, Mozart, Beethoven. They could take musical fragments and themes and elaborate on them at length, finding ways to display invention and technical skill. Improvisation was inextricably bound up with new inspiration and the process of composition. Anton Bruckner, as late as the 1870s, displayed such keyboard skill on the organ. The popularity of the public concert as we know it had its major upsurge as a result of the lure of composer-virtuosi like Franz Liszt and violinist Niccolo Paganini, whose brilliant playing and seductive personalities lent themselves to Romantic stardom. The decade before 1848 was the apogee for the touring piano virtuoso who traveled from city to city playing in private salons and in public concerts. Liszt retired in 1847 from the public life of the performer and turned to the vocations of composer and teacher. Throughout the century, however, his students carried on the tradition of the concert performance as part magic show and seductive seance in which astonishment and frenzy could overtake an audience for whom the public concert retained an aura of rarity and exclusivity.

No doubt the competition among traveling virtuosi during the mid-nineteenth century did much to heighten the technical standard of piano playing. Two distinct traditions of world-class piano playing emerged by the end of the century, the era just prior to Artur Rubinstein's career. Anton Rubinstein, the great Russian piano virtuoso, was the best-known practitioner of the tradition of the composer-as-virtuoso. Recalling Rubinstein's "historical" cycle of Beethoven's sonatas in Vienna in the 1870s, the Austrian musicologist Guido Adler observed that one was never sure how Anton Rubinstein would play a piece; it seemed to depend entirely on his inspiration at the moment. In place of a routine and historically appropriate redefinition of music, Rubinstein and others worked according to the view that each piece of music of the past should be shaped to express the moods and the meanings of the player. The "true" spirit and valid intention of a great work of Beethoven or Mozart were functions of the piece's internal logic—reflections of a work's essential inner meaning—as perceived by the player as reinterpretive medium. That essence transcended historical style or narrowly defined conventions of expression. It demanded creative conjuring quite apart from historical reconstruction. Even altering the text of the music was not considered a breach of this normative idea of textual musical integrity. Anton Rubinstein became a wildly popular symbol of intensity, raw power, and attractiveness.

Against this dramatic and impulsive attitude to performance stood Hans von Bülow, a pupil of Liszt's, who was the first major keyboard performer to achieve real fame only as a re-creative artist and not as a composer. As conductor and pianist, he became notorious for precision, a fanatical adherence to detail, and finely honed nuances. His orchestra from Meiningen, although it had barely sixty-five members, was famed in the 1880s for its tight ensemble and precise intonation. Bülow's piano playing was so studied that it took on a very mannered quality. To our ears it too would sound quite at odds with what we now regard to be stylistic authenticity. Already in 1895 the young conductor and composer Felix von Weingartner scorned Bülow's lack of fidelity to the composer's text. Distorted detailing seemed to triumph over self-evident clarity of line.

In the paths of these two late-nineteenth-century giants there followed a succession of world-famous virtuosi. The early 1900s marked the height of popularity for the piano and public piano recitals. The world's industrial output of pianos was at its peak. Teachers like Theodore Leschetitzky and Emil Sauer produced scores

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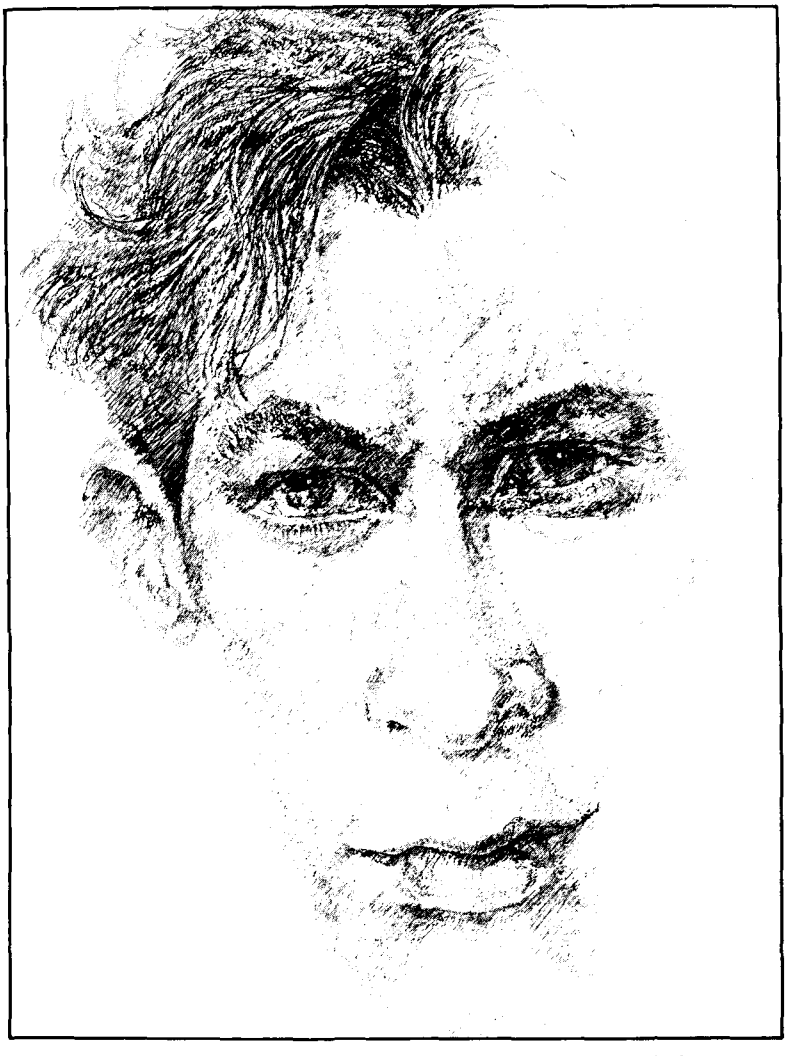
of first-class pupils devoted exclusively to performance. They were technically capable of playing anything in the repertoire. They took their interpretive cues from teachers and editions with direct links to Czerny, Liszt, and Chopin. The ranks of composer-virtuosi thinned by 1900, even though they included men like Eugen D'Albert (whose compositions have now long been forgotten), Ferruccio Busoni (who exerted a profound influence on a generation of musicians both as composer and pianist), and younger men like Bartok, Rachmaninoff, and Dohnányi, each of whom combined careers as pianists and composers, but with more emphasis on the latter.

By 1900 composing and performing became more and more separate. Within the art of performing, a tension developed between the freer improvisatory style of composer-pianist and the intent to render the historically authentic spirit of an older work in the sense we now accept (almost too reflexively). But the cult of personality remained a central part of a player's success, whether he was a composer or just a performer. The piano industry played a major supporting role in the cult of the individual personality of each pianist. Steinway sponsored Anton Rubinstein's tour of America; Knabe underwrote D'Albert's. Companies vied for the loyalty of famous artists, who in turn endorsed the pianos they preferred (often different ones in different cities). Perhaps the most lionized of all pianists was Ignace Paderewski, a Leschetitzky pupil, whose career and popularity as Romantic virtuoso were sufficient to earn him the portfolios of prime minister and foreign minister of Poland after World War I.

Within this spectrum of first-class pianists ranging from pure performer or the performer who wrote only superficial variations to demonstrate technical prowess and ease of sentiment (for example, Fritz Kreisler on the violin) to the serious composer with a double life (like Rachmaninoff) there emerged in the early twentieth century a pianist who continued to compose but whose influence as a performer transformed the vocation of the pianist in this century: Artur Schnabel. He too studied with Leschetitzky in Vienna. He then went to Berlin and made a great career playing Schubert, Beethoven, and Mozart. As he once remarked, the concerti of Mozart (not to speak of the solo works) were considered "ladies' music" when he started out, held in contempt by the grand practitioners of piano playing. They preferred the crashing octaves of Tchaikovsky, the brilliant effects of Liszt, Saint-Saëns, and Grieg. The two Brahms concerti, which Schnabel played, occupied a kind of middle ground between serious music and stage displays.



GLENN GOULD BY DAVID SCHORR FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Schnabel's appearance as a major performer around World War I reflected a growing sense of urgency among musicians and critics about the extent to which music making had degenerated into the musical equivalent of chitchat, wallpaper entertainment, and circus tricks. Gradually, after the mid-nineteenth century, the extra-musical antics, the technical tricks, the puerile repertoire, and the single-minded search for momentary effects perfected by the virtuoso all became synonymous with bad taste and bad music. The audiences' philistine interest in flashy technique became contrasted with a thoughtful regard for serious music.

By the end of the nineteenth century, the terms virtuoso and virtuosity had acquired the double-edged meaning they still retain today. They signaled technical mastery, but also a distracting preoccupation with personal style and theatrical mannerisms. In 1895 Heinrich Schenker, whose theories about the deep musical structure beneath the surface of evident melody and harmony influenced the course of twentieth century musical theory, lashed out in the Viennese journal *Die Zeit* against prevailing musical standards. What conservatories were doing, he alleged, was stressing mechanical achievement over musical understanding. Performers, ignorant themselves, were accommodating to the most primitive form of listening on the part of the audience: the audience's instinct for the obvious line, the routines of the past practice in a musical text, the superficial gesture, and the momentary thrill. Quoting Bülow, Schenker argued that degrees of technical difficulty in music are illusions; that there really is no such thing as an "easy" piece for either player or listener.

Obsession with technical mastery of

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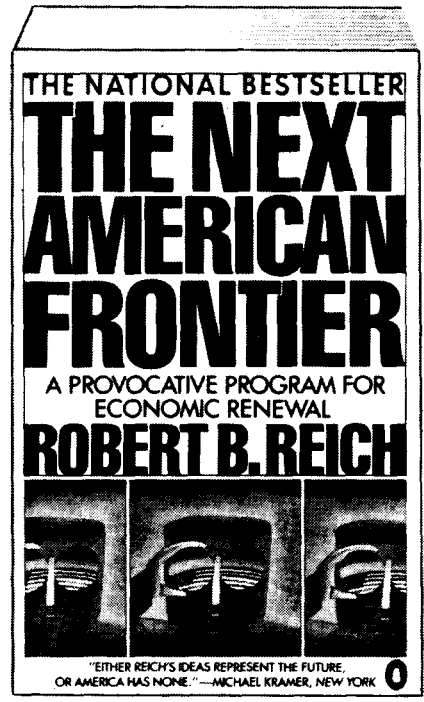
the piano was killing music. Schenker preferred that amateurs and professionals risk technical, surface errors and focus instead on learning about the language and structure of music. Such training would make the music, not the intricate patterns of fingerings, the concern of the performer. Schenker argued that no performer or student should use editions annotated by famous artists with superimposed phrasings and dynamic markings included to delineate a ready-made interpretation. A truly literate musician would need only the naked, unadulterated text of the composer from which to develop a penetrating and independent reading of a piece's inner logic.

Artur Schnabel became the powerful force in the movement to reclaim the art of performance from the philistines among musicians and audiences. Schnabel's playing asked the audience to listen to the music, not to wait expectantly for the familiar flying sparks of Romantic piano playing. Although Schnabel rejected Bülow's manneristic approach to performance, he extended Bülow's basic idea and evolved a notion of interpretive faithfulness to the text of music. Like Schenker, Schnabel sought intellectual and artistic independence on the part of a performer bounded strictly by a new sense of respect for the composer's text. (Toscanini asserted a similar credo.) He also shunned much of the Romantic repertoire. Whether this sense of authenticity and faithfulness was accurate, or can survive the scrutiny of modern tastes, is another matter; what to Schnabel was "as the composer intended" and "fidelity to the score" may now seem highly subjective, incomplete to some, and excessively imitative; it is now a dated aesthetic all its own.

FIFTY YEARS ago, however, this new ideology stood out clearly in the contemporary controversy about the nature of performance. In 1916 Busoni still argued in the spirit of Anton Rubinstein that "What the composer's inspiration necessarily loses through notation, the interpreter should restore by his own." Arnold Schönberg, in his marginal comments on Busoni's assertion, took the opposite view. He warned against these "creative" performers who were really parasites. The task of the reproducing artist was to serve the composer faithfully. With Schnabel, this standard was met; there

HART AND MONDALE AGREE ON ONE THING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emerged the credo of the serious faithful interpreter who was musician before instrumentalist; a thinking and historically respectful re-creator equal in musical stature to the composer, one who sought not to superimpose a competing personality.

EXCLUSIVE devotion to the great masters of the past, to an elevated "classical" tradition, became a vocation. The idea that one could be a self-consciously authentic transmitter rather than a willful subjective interpreter drew great strength from Schnabel's example. It became the credo of a generation of younger performers, including Rudolf Serkin. Serkin's concentration on the repertoire from Mozart to Brahms, his advocacy of chamber music in public performance, the seriousness of his interpretive commitment which, like Schnabel's, redefined technique as the unobtrusive skill needed to bring out the authentic meaning within a work, has had a profound influence on American instrumentalists. This is the spirit that informs Schnabel's last pupil, Leon Fleischer, pianists like Richard Goode, the Marlboro Festival in Vermont, and the players in New York's Lincoln Center Chamber Music Society.

Twentieth-century audiences have found their allegiance divided between these virtuosic and antivirtuosic schools of performance. Schnabel and performers of his ilk (like violinist Joseph Szigeti) became favorites of self-consciously "thinking" people. Rubinstein and Horowitz, though very different from each other, both aimed at a broader public. As the profession of performer became differentiated along such lines, so did the repertoire. While everyone played Beethoven, few played much Bach (even Schnabel). Rubinstein and Horowitz played less Schubert than Chopin, and men like Serkin and Fleischer have stayed away from the late nineteenth or early twentieth centuries, with the exception of Brahms and a bit of Max Reger. Gould, in retrospect, possessed elements of both Schnabel and Horowitz. He combined a willful and technically awesome pianistic individualism with an eccentric version of Schnabel's drive for penetrating antivirtuosic, reflective readings.

The generations of concert performers after 1900 did not generally enlarge the repertoire, but merely perfected ways of playing and hearing it. The nineteenth-century symbiosis between composer and player has now deteriorated so that only rarely do trends in contemporary music influence the playing of older works. If Schenker and Busoni both complained bitterly (albeit from different vantage points) about a narrow emphasis on technique and the preponderance of imitative and tiresome interpretations, today they would be truly startled. At least in their time there was an expanding new literature for the piano, which had the promise of being played to large crowds. Although improvisation had all but vanished as a widespread skill, even minor pianists still tried their hands at composition. Piano making, buying and selling, and publishing new piano music were all still big business. Becoming "a musician first, then a virtuoso," as Brahms's violinist-composer friend Joseph Joachim put it, had a self-evident meaning: demonstrating the capacity to participate in the creation of new music.

IRONICALLY, virtuosity no longer deserves notice of its own accord. Young players trained in conservatories must master a technical capacity and dexterity for live performance that will be measured critically by what can be done with a tape recorder. Owing to the commonplace nature of great technical skill, the public has, in turn, become bored with technical mastery and unimpressed by the capacity to dash off complicated passages with ease. Perhaps twenty-five to thirty pianists in a season in New York, not to speak of the hundreds of aspiring players in conservatories around the country, all can run this technical race at astonishing speeds.

Yet what many of these fabulous players lack is an interpretative stance that distinguishes them one from the other. The audience in turn is so habituated by listening to records that it resists the unexpected, the deviation from the routine. If one is to stick with the standard repertoire, however, one must have something particular to say. The roots of originality in interpretation can be powerful analytical insight, as is the case with pianist and scholar Charles Rosen. Composition and improvisation, which few (if any) working pianists practice, are other sources of interpretive inspiration. If there is hope of rekindling this inspiration, an intimate link between the performer and contemporary music and culture is desperately needed.

In the post-Schnabel era, and certainly since Curzon's death, it is left to a rarity like Alfred Brendel to claim legitimately fresh analytic insight into the thirty-two Beethoven sonatas. A nuance here, a nuance there; a new sense of balance and line; an effort to integrate new knowledge about performance practices in Beethoven's time, especially with regard to phrasing and ornamentation—all matter. But what made Brendel's playing of the entire cycle of Beethoven's sonatas last year in New York, and the five concerti this year, so successful was his reputation among pianists as a modern Schnabel-like figure from Central Europe, a thoughtful connoisseur's pianist in the reflective tradition. His written statements about the performer subordinating his personality to achieve faithfulness to the text are even reminiscent of Schnabel.

While Alfred Brendel might be able to pull this off, few others can place enough of a direct claim on the classical European tradition to try. And it is not clear that Brendel's effort is anything more than a faint, modern echo of Schnabel's historic contribution. But that echo is needed in every generation if the incomparable repertoire for the keyboard written in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries is to continue to make a mark on new generations of listeners at live concerts. Live performances of that repertoire, despite the power of recording, will always be demanded from a very small elite of players.

THE OUTLOOK, however, remains troubled for the future of most pianists and piano playing, thanks to the uneasy relationship between music and its audience in the late twentieth century. The first decades of the twentieth century witnessed not only the birth of modernism, but also the collapse of a large and sustained audience for an ongoing tradition of so-called classical music. Almost three-quarters of a century after the cat-calls and hisses at premieres of Schönberg's music in Vienna, the masters of twentieth-century modern music who continued to write for the piano have yet to gain a serious following. Matisse, Picasso, Joyce, and Pound, not to speak of more recent contemporary artists and writers, have constituencies far wider among educated people who are neither artists nor writ-

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ers than exist for Schönberg, Sessions, or even Hindemith and Stravinsky, much less for younger contemporary composers. This was not the case around 1900, when living composers, from the young Richard Strauss to old Antonin Dvořák, were part of an international musical scene with an extensive following well beyond the realm of the cognoscenti and the professionals.

THE AUDIENCE in 1984 remains resistant to much of the music that has been composed during the last seventy-five years. It might be convenient to dismiss this music as perverse and dissonant, but it is more plausible to assume that the level of musical literacy of the audience has not kept pace with the authentic evolution of musical language. Consequently, the concert stage has become more and more like a museum without a contemporary wing, with only an occasional small room set aside for a passing exhibition. A few of the great younger pianists have attempted to change that. Maurizio Pollini and Peter Serkin come to mind as first-rate players who have attempted to continue to bring the contemporary tradition of composing for the piano onto the concert stage, side by side with Chopin and Beethoven. Not only is there much classic twentieth-century music by composers like Riegger, Cowell, Sessions, and Schönberg that needs to be heard frequently, but there is new music being written now that deserves more than the single hearing that results from the occasional commission which, of course, triggers a first and usually only performance. Younger pianists like Ursula Oppens (who plays Elliott Carter), Blanca Uribe (who plays Richard Wilson and Ginastera), the late Paul Jacobs (Carter, again) and Todd Crow (who plays Krenek) have championed new music without wishing necessarily to be pegged as specialists in an academic corner out of the mainstream of the concert hall and the pianistic tradition.

The success of recent efforts at historical reconstruction is a sign that tastes can be broadened. Audiences have shown an increasing willingness, eagerness even, to hear performances of Classical, Baroque, and Renaissance music on original instruments. Modern orchestras now play Mozart symphonies with timidity in full recognition of the advances, both scholarly and practical, in re-creating performance practices of the past. The fortepiano, the instrument that Mozart and Beethoven used, that dominated keyboard music before the modern piano made its appearance in the midnineteenth century, is now played frequently in recitals. The next step might naturally be a revival of the authentic midnineteenth-century piano. Before long we could look forward to hearing recitals on new reproductions of Conrad Graf pianos and reconstructions of instruments built in the 1870s and 1880s, whose tonal qualities and action duplicate the original sound that Brahms, for example, wrote for.

An odder, but valuable, development would be the revival of one of the original uses of the piano—as the universal standardized instrument for reproducing and transmitting all music before the era of the radio and phonograph. Transcriptions for one and two pianos were, after all, the primary vehicle by which the educated individual before 1914 became familiar with orchestral, operatic, and chamber music. Franz Schalk and Ferdinand Loewe were famous a century ago for their public piano renditions of the Bruckner symphonies. Mahler's first publication was a piano version of the Bruckner Third Symphony in D Minor. Recordings of Liszt tran-

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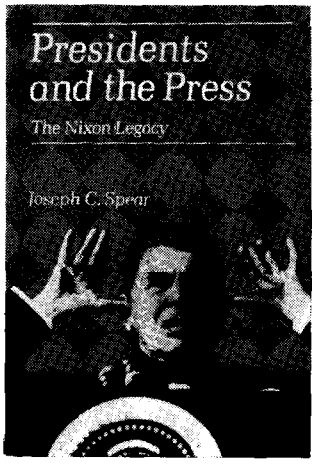

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scriptions are increasingly popular. The resurrection of this form of music making could do a great deal to bring both well-known and obscure nineteenth-century music alive. Alban Berg noted that when large-scale instrumental and vocal works are played in piano versions, one can begin to concentrate on the idea and substance of a piece of music, rather than on its externals—the surface characteristics of instrumental color and decorative variety.

At the same time, a renewed interest in color and decorative display could be another avenue to the revival of public piano playing. Pianists might well learn from the world of jazz to command a disciplined improvisatory art; there is no reason why a piano concert should not contain a pianist's own effort at spontaneous variation and embellishment, both on original material and on the work of others. Music is not a catechism bound by rigid canons; it should remain an active art of new expression.

The death of three of our century's finest pianists may help us realize that a new path must now be broken if the piano is to continue to exercise a role in musical life. Electronic instruments, amplified sound, and computers, all threaten the piano's role as the premier instrument of popular music, teaching, and home and mass entertainment. Only a very few can do what Pollini does brilliantly—play beautifully the full range of the music of the past and the present, of Beethoven and Nono. Few will manage to keep alive a traditional virtuosic career with the standard fare. The rest of today's generation of gifted and well-trained pianists should reflect on the rise and fall of the virtuoso as stage performer and object of social fascination; on the performer as guardian of an increasingly rigid and distant tradition; on the pianist-as-technician and acrobat fighting against the accuracies of modern recording. Pianists and other instrumentalists should breathe new artistic life into performing for the public without relying exclusively on past models. As Busoni put it, "Routine transforms the temple of art into a factory. . . . Let us experiment with *sensible* irregularities."

FEMINISM INTERRUPTUS

Sex and Destiny: The Politics of Human Fertility by Germaine Greer

(Harper & Row, 560 pp., $19.95)

Apostasy is the last resort of the political writer. Angry, provocative best-sellers do not lend themelves to sequels, for, as editors and agents are quick to remind us, it is novelty that oils the wheels of commerce. So writers who would like to sell books and at the same time hold on to their followings are driven at least to revisionism. For example, four years ago Betty Friedan published *The Second Stage*, in which she announced—a bit prematurely for some of us—a détente in the battle of the sexes. Then last year, Susan Brownmiller, author of the powerful 1974 treatise on rape, *Against Our Will*, came out with a far fluffier book, *Femininity*, which allowed her, among other things, to express her ambivalence about shaving (or not shaving) her legs. Extrapolating from this trend, we might have expected Gloria Steinem to publish her beauty secrets, or Ellie Smeal to rethink the E.R.A. What is far more astounding, Germaine Greer, who is best known for the ebullient sexual radicalism of *The Female Eunuch*, has come out with a book that dismisses orgasms, condones the chador, and advocates chastity as a means of birth control.

Anything with as grandiose a title as *Sex and Destiny* should deserve a less flippant introduction. Greer tells us in the preface (aptly entitled "Warning") that she did not write this book "for fun or for profit," and I am ready to believe that this clever and venturesome woman has already enjoyed a surfeit of both. Here she writes in a tone of high moral purpose, without a trace of her former wit, and on themes that should command the most solemn attention: motherhood, sexuality, the relations between rich and poor nations, human evolution, and Western culture. Yet the result is so jumbled and idiosyncratic that it is not the moral purpose that shines through so much as the perverse and cranky pleasure of the apostate.

THE CORE argument of the book is intelligent enough and, if not exactly new, it still bears repeating. Greer contends that population control efforts, whether undertaken by international agencies or local governments, do more damage than good, if good is indeed intended. Sometimes they merely miss the mark, as in the case of the I.U.D.s that end up being worn as amulets, or the diaphragms dispensed to people who lack indoor plumbing and privacy. Very often they do violence to local customs and cultures, if not to the physical health of the "target populations." High estrogen birth control pills have been dispensed in vast quantities to the malnourished, underweight women of Bangladesh; unsterile and otherwise hazardous I.U.D.s still lodge in the wombs of thousands of Third World women; surgical sterilizations have been performed on large numbers of the unwilling as well as the uninformed. In almost all cases, population control efforts have been shaped by Western values—which, she argues, are profoundly antinatalist and even antichild—and tainted by Western technocratic arrogance.

If Greer's argument stopped there she would have succeeded in offending, or at least provoking, a great many well-meaning people, but she would still have remained in good company. Many thoughtful people, mostly of a left or feminist persuasion, have challenged the meaning of "overpopulation" in a world where the necessities of life are so unequally apportioned, have questioned the chauvinist and racial biases of the population controllers, and have done their utmost to expose particular horrors, like the drug companies' practice of dumping hazardous contraceptives in the Third World. But the last thing Greer seems to want is company. Not only does she fail to acknowledge any likely allies or ideological predecessors, she often goes out of her way to antagonize them.

One small but telling example: feminist groups in the United States and England have campaigned long and hard against the distribution of unsafe

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contraceptives in the Third World. One of these drugs is Depo-Provera, which is valued by population control agencies because it is injectable and requires little conscious effort on the part of those who use it. Depo-Provera has not been approved for use as a contraceptive in this country because it causes what one physician has called "menstrual havoc," and may cause sterility and cancer. Does Greer, then, who finds something sinister about almost every known method of contraception, have a kind word for the anti-Depo campaign? No, she asserts that the side effects of Depo-Provera are relatively benign ("inconveniences rather than major health hazards") and that the efforts to ban it are "downright crackpot."

IN GENERAL, the forward motion of *Sex and Destiny* derives less from the strength of its arguments than from Greer's efforts to scamper ahead of the reader and pop out, almost maliciously, from unexpected places. Usually she does this by engaging in a kind of hyperbolic rampage, in which it seems that no bath water can be disposed of without stuffing a few babies down the drain after it. Thus it is not enough to condemn the coercive or reckless imposition of contraceptives on people of other cultures; we are invited to throw out all "mechanical and pharmacological methods." But a few chapters later we find that even this isn't enough. The problem is "recreational sex," presumably another Western capitalist invention like rubber condoms and plastic I.U.D.'s, and aimed, like them, at luring the world's innocents from the proper goals of "land, family, and children" to "orgasms and consumer durables." At this point, Greer peeps out momentarily to acknowledge that "such an attack upon the ideology of sexual freedom, usually, and quite correctly, called permissiveness, must seem shocking coming from a sexual radical, as the present writer professes to be."

Indeed. And it is on the subject of sex that Greer seems most determined to disconcert us, switching suddenly from Falwellian to Sadeian themes. She starts, as she often does, with a point well taken: that Western (and, I would guess, much non-Western) sexuality focuses unduly on the kind of genital encounter most likely to lead to pregnancy. Hence our dependence on contraception. There are alternatives, however, to the old vaginal in-and-out, and at this point my imagination leapt to homosexuality, masturbation, and varieties of heterosexual attention to the clitoris. But Greer has no brief for these innocent and familiar practices. Clitoral sexuality bothers her because it is "masculine," because it lets men off the hook for "any ineptitude in the phallic department," and finally because "it leaves no irritating surplus of orgastic potency . . . in woman"—which, I would have thought, is its strongest selling point. What Greer promotes, instead, is coitus interruptus, a practice she recklessly insists is a reliable method of birth control, and heterosexual anal intercourse, which she seems to feel quite militant about. Well, *chacun à son goût*, but when it comes to intercultural sensitivity, I think most of us would be more comfortable offering a weary Third World multipara a Lippes loop rather than a jar of vaseline.

There are, however, themes that give a certain tortured consistency and, eventually, predictability, to *Sex and Destiny*. One of these is antimodernism, which is more or less of the quotidian, pro-family type popularized by the new right, except that the new right's lost Golden Age is the capitalist suburban culture of the 1950s, while Greer's is represented by the world's embattled peasantry. Whether they are the farmers Greer knows through her part-time residence in Tuscany, or members of the intact preliterate cultures preserved in anthropological accounts, peasants can do no wrong.

Nor, it seems, can their counterparts in the world's metropolitan centers do anything right, from sex to child raising. While this may be a commendably humble stance for a writer of Anglo-Saxon descent, it creates some awkward conflicts with her extreme pronatalist bias. Greer would like the peasants to be as pronatalist as she is—to have sex for the sake of reproduction and to welcome each baby with spontaneous affection. But the truth is that pre-industrial people almost universally have shown remarkable ingenuity—and sometimes coldbloodedness—in contracepting and otherwise reducing the birth rate. They have devised pessaries, douches, magical remedies, and both mechanical and herbal methods of abortion; and—not uncommonly—they have resorted to infanticide.

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GERMAINE GREER BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

culiar way. First she simply ignores—or is ignorant of—the wealth of folk methods of contraception, which she regards as a rather recent Western invention. (Except for coitus interruptus, which is favored by her Tuscan neighbors.) One might have expected infanticide to be more daunting, especially after her attack on the industrialized West for failing to love its children. But even infanticide turns out to be an act of affection when performed by a suitably brown and weathered hand. In fact her argument in defense of infanticide is the same one that has been used to defend the most callous and coercive schemes of population control: "if you will not feed them, do not condemn them to life. . . ." She finds female infanticide especially "merciful," since girl babies are less valued and more likely to suffer from neglect anyway!

There is a real case to be made against the West, but the grounds are not anti-modernist, as Greer insists in her woolly-minded way; they are anti-imperialist. Before contact with the West, most indigenous peoples managed to live in some kind of rough equilibrium with their food supply, using a variety of means to limit births when necessary. When Europeans arrived on the scene, they did not initially bring condoms and pills, but drastic disruption: slavery, epidemics, forced dislocations, extermination, and—in all cases—an end to the old ecological balance between food and population. Traditional food sources gave way to cash crops, and traditional birth control, especially prolonged lactation, became impractical. Some populations dwindled toward extinction, but others increased rapidly, in no small part because of the disruption of traditional birth-spacing methods. If there is overpopulation—and there certainly is relative to 1800 or even 1900—then the only cure we know is the one Europe and North America themselves underwent: raise the standard of living so that people have some reason to believe that their children will survive and that they themselves will not starve in old age. Hence the message from most critics of population control as it is usually practiced: offer contraceptives (and, preferably, the best we have to offer, not the discards), but offer also health care and some chance for genuine economic development.

But Greer does not analyze the world in terms of nations and classes and their economic interests, for the other great organizing theme of *Sex and Destiny*, in addition to antimodernism, is sociobiology. Individuals are slaves to their genes, which aim only to reproduce; and whole cultures also turn out, by some mystical leap, to be mere carriers for the genes of their members. Sadly, the West is a tired, "subfertile" culture that has gotten too lazy to propagate as fast as its collective genes would like. Hence it resorts to suppressing the genes of more vigorous, child-loving cultures, and it does this by barraging them with contraceptives and alluring images of recreational sex. From Greer's sociobiological vantage point, population control turns out to be just one more skirmish in the D.N.A. wars that have been raging since our ancestral molecules emerged in the primordial soup.

This is not the place to attempt a refutation of the tenets of sociobiology (interested readers are referred to the recent *Not In Our Genes*, by R. C. Lewontin, Steven Rose, and Leon J. Kamin), nor to question what genetic uni-

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ty defines "the West," nor to inquire into what miracle of genetic transcription impels an official of the International Planned Parenthood Federation to foist I.U.D.s on the peoples of the southern hemisphere, and so on. But I will underscore a point that may already be obvious: Greer's sociobiology of cultures justifies all the abuses and tragedies she decries. If population control at its most arrogant and imperious is only an expression of our genes, why buck nature? Why not root for the home team? Sterilize the wretched of the earth, and, while we're at it, add a few more babies to the greedy legions of the West.

In the end I can't imagine that Greer is any happier with the morass of *Sex and Destiny* than the reader is likely to be. While she never tells us directly what path led her from the good-humored lucidity of *The Female Eunuch* to this strange destiny, the book is littered with clues. She emerges, in her first-person persona, as an affluent white tourist on sabbatical in the Third World, where she discovers that all her fame, knowledge, feminist insight, etc., are as nothing compared to the simple joys of motherhood. Among the peasantry she finds women who are "unequivocally successful," who have not succumbed to "a masculine sense of self," and who are living out their late and middle years surrounded by loyal progeny. In their eyes, she imagines that her own childlessness is tragic and inexplicable, that her life is "shapeless, improvised, and squalid."

Well, this is sad. Sad that Greer doesn't have her own children, if that's what she now wants. Sadder still that she has not chosen to expend her maternal energies on the spiritual progeny she has earned in her years as a feminist spokeswoman. They deserve something better than this burst of midlife petulance.

BARBARA EHRENREICH

Barbara Ehrenreich is the author most recently of *The Hearts of Men: American Dreams and the Flight from Commitment* (Anchor Press).

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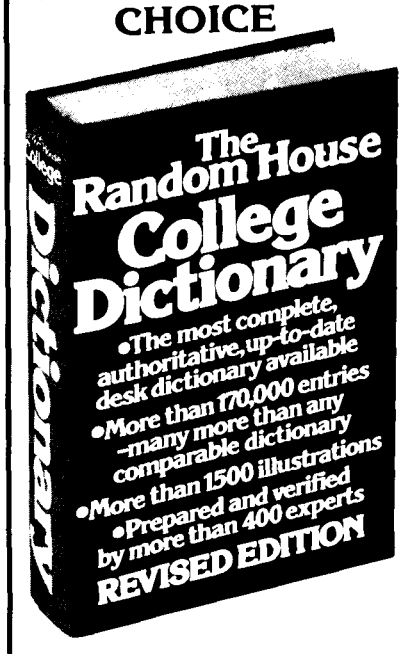
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LAST WORDS

Adieux: A Farewell to Sartre by Simone de Beauvoir

(Pantheon, 436 pp., $19.95)

Paris, which used to send us interesting novels—a handful of them every decade—is now contributing to our uneasy feeling that both literature and life are failing. It is sending us theories of narration instead of novels, and grotesque stories which are unnerving because they are, in fact, true. Recently we have heard one that almost rivals in sensationalism the strangling of his wife by the Marxist philosopher Louis Althusser (the only philosopher in history known to be responsible for another person's death).

The recent story out of Paris concerns the control of Jean-Paul Sartre's estate—his correspondence and manuscripts comprising several volumes of unpublished writings (among other things a two-hundred page manuscript on Mallarmé, and a work of the same length on Nietzsche). Control of these papers and of his correspondence has been taken over by his assistant Pierre Victor, and more aggressively by his adopted daughter, Arlette Elkhaim Sartre. It now appears that de Beauvoir, the devoted and passionate supporter of Sartre's views on all subjects throughout her mature life, has been denied access to any of his papers. De Beauvoir's *A Farewell to Sartre* is said to be an effort to recapture her relationship with him, broken first of all by his death, but once again by the wish of his adopted daughter. In Paris today there are two opposed camps; those who side with de Beauvoir and those who support Arlette Elkhaim Sartre. It should be clear that a great deal of power is at stake, and thinking of the two women involved, one of them an intellectual and the other an adopted daughter, I cannot but be reminded of the struggles be-

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tween Lear's daughters for the power invested in his kingship.

First of all I must approve—and applaud—Simone de Beauvoir's most moving "Ceremonies of Goodbye," a literal translation of the title to the French edition of her book. It seems that for many years she had shared Sartre with a number of other women, and was quite willing for him to spend weeks at a time with them. In conversations she taped he confesses to a lack of warm feeling, and a need to take possession of women's emotional and sexual strengths through affairs with them. One of the women with whom de Beauvoir had to share Sartre was Arlette Elkhaim, the Algerian *pied-noir* whom he made his daughter more than ten years ago. Why did he adopt his mistress? Many reasons have been suggested, but according to the gossip in Paris at the time, the adoption was the result of the rivalry between Sartre and Claude Lévi-Strauss, then at the height of his chic. Lévi-Strauss had said that "man"—Sartre's subject—could only be understood if glimpsed on the other side of the incest prohibition, maintained in every type of human society. Thus, as Lévi-Strauss pointed out, it was impossible to say that the prohibition of incest is cultural. On the other hand, could any such prohibition be natural? Perhaps one could only answer this question from the other side of the incest prohibition. Now could it have been Sartre's wish to look in this direction when he adopted Arlette Elkhaim? This is what was said in Paris, and nobody thought then—at least nobody said publicly—that power was at issue in Sartre's sharing of his name, power that would flow at his death to the one who inherited his name.

THE ONLY unpublished texts by Sartre in de Beauvoir's possession were the conversations with him which she taped in Rome during the summer of 1974 and then in Paris in the beginning of the fall. She tells us:

> But I haven't attempted to write them in the literary sense of the word—my intention has been to retain their spontaneity. Some rambling passages will be found, and some that mark time; and there are some repetitions and even some contradictions. This is because I was afraid of distorting Sartre's words or of taking away their finer shades of meaning. The conversations do not reveal any unexpected aspects of him, but they do allow one to follow the winding course of his thought and to hear his living voice.

For my part I think these conversations are immensely valuable. We learn many things about Sartre: what he thought about his relations with women, and also of his judgments of himself, of his various works, and of his whole career as a writer. We learn, for instance, that he put literature above philosophy and thought of himself as a writer first and a systematic thinker second. When he met Simone de Beauvoir he told her he wanted to be like Spinoza and like Stendhal, but he makes it clear in these conversations that it was the latter he admired above all. He tells her that when he was at the Ecole Normale he did not want to write books of philosophy. He did not want to write the equivalent of *Critique of Dialectical Reason*, or of *Being and Nothingness*. He says: "I wanted the philosophy I believed in and the truths I should attain to be expressed in my novel."

I MUST say that I find most of Sartre's judgments of his own work sound, sober, and hardly infected with any tinge of egoism. He says he hopes to be remembered as one of this century's notable writers, and he surely will be; he says he thinks his philosophical works are likely to lose interest, and he is right in this too. He is right again when he says that *The Words* is his best-written book. We also learn that this is the one work the prose of which he tried to perfect. Along with a great number of quite valid judgments, there is just one note that seems false. Sartre mentions so many contemporary writers; Camus, Nizan, Faulkner, Proust, Dos Passos, Joyce, but never Céline, without whose *Journey to the End of the Night*, Sartre's *Nausea* would hardly have been possible.

The desire Sartre expressed to be like Spinoza at first surprised me, but then I remembered that when I met him in 1948, he told me that he thought philosophy had to be either a meditation on life or a meditation on death. His philosophy, he said, like Spinoza's, was a meditation on life; Heidegger's, like Plato's, was a meditation on death. That he had genuinely chosen life, not death, as the object of his thinking, is made clear by the attitude he took toward the time remaining to him when de Beauvoir began to tape her conversations with him in 1974; it amounted to six years. He had seen Picasso when the painter was seventy-five and told him, "you'll have another twenty-five years." Picasso replied, "That's not enough time." Yet in 1974, with six years of his life ahead of him, Sartre told de Beauvoir that he felt his work was already completed; he felt, in fact, already dead. He had been deprived of many things by his doctors, notably alcohol in any form, and death would simply be the final deprivation. Too much of life, which he had chosen to think about seriously, had been taken from him for him to be much concerned about prolonging his days.

Sartre told de Beauvoir that he did not mind dying, that one resists death only when one is young and has a future. This makes me wonder whether

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he might not have felt more strongly impelled to resist dying if his philosophy had been a meditation on death, and attuned to its values, rather than a reflection on life like the philosophy of Spinoza, who tells us that the free man never thinks about death. However this may be, the facts are these: half-blind after two strokes, unable to do any serious work, Sartre seems to have yielded to the intellectual hectoring of his assistant Pierre Victor, who was allied in his attacks on Sartre's views with Arlette Elkhaim Sartre. She, de Beauvoir tells us, "knew nothing of Sartre's philosophy." The odd fact here is that Arlette Elkhaim Sartre at one time communicated to de Beauvoir her fears that Pierre Victor might manipulate Sartre as she had seen Ralph Schoenman manipulate Bertrand Russell during the war crimes trial staged jointly by Sartre and Russell in Stockholm. Apparently Victor had wanted Sartre to give up writing for some time even before he had his first stroke, and to occupy himself exclusively with politics. But given the position Sartre had taken, as described by de Beauvoir, what was there for Sartre to do politically? Here is how she puts it:

> Up until that time [1968] Sartre had seen the intellectual as someone who was tormented by the contradiction between the universality of practical knowledge and the exclusiveness of the ruling class which had produced him—he was thus the incarnation of the guilty consciousness as Hegel defines it, and soothes his guilty conscience by being on the side of the proletariat. Sartre now thought it was necessary to go beyond that stage. Against the *classic intellectual* he set up the *new intellectual*, who endeavors to become integrated with the masses so as to bring about the triumph of true universality.

How was Sartre, having rejected the Communist Party, and after that the Maoists, to merge himself with the people? How was he going to become the new intellectual without a revolutionary political party? And without such a party, how could he do what he wanted to do before dying—namely, a few good deeds? For a good deed to Sartre, at this point in his thinking, meant a political act of some kind, and what kind of political action was possible to him under the circumstances?

Here, according to de Beauvoir's report, are some of the things he did before he broke with Maoism. He

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

signed the Union of Writers appeal against repression in Chile; when the police raided the place where *La Cause du Peuple*, the Maoist journal, was printed, Sartre spoke at a protest rally to the workers at Billancourt. All he had to say, though, was that the intellectuals and the people should not be separated, but he had no suggestions as to how they might be brought together. On January 14, 1971, he denounced Soviet anti-Semitism at a meeting in Paris held to protest the trial and sentencing in Russia of eleven Soviet Jews who had conspired to hijack a plane and escape from the Soviet Union. He devoted an issue of *Les Temps modernes* in 1973 to the claims of the Bretons, the Languedocians, and all the national minorities oppressed by French centralism. But it seems to me that such a protest against the oppression of national minorities like the Bretons was hardly consistent with support of the People's Republic of China, which during and since Mao's rule has treated the Tibetan and other peoples in Asia with a brutality hardly known in France or Europe outside the Soviet bloc. In any case, Sartre finally broke with the Maoists, and they with him. After that, what good political actions were possible?

He did continue to sign protests with Pierre Victor; by then both of them had broken with Maoism, but Victor, who is of Jewish origin, soon became converted to Judaism of an Orthodox kind, and came to hold the view of ethics expressed by Bernard-Henri Lévy in his eloquent *Le Testament de Dieu*. And in a television interview with Sartre, Victor expressed his new opinions and publicly—and brutally—attacked Sartre's.

De Beauvoir calls Pierre Victor's alliance with Arlette Elkhaim Sartre and their intellectual manipulation of Sartre "the abduction of an old man." How explain the abduction of a man like Sartre? De Beauvoir notes Sartre's age and illness, and notes, too, that Pierre Victor, young and vigorous, had promised to become the new intellectual Sartre had wanted to be himself, and which, as a Maoist, he had prophesied. What is defective in de Beauvoir's explanation is that she sees no weakness in Sartre's change of views, and none in his holding on to views which he might well have changed. He continued to believe that elections were "a trap for fools," refusing to vote for Mitterrand. How is it that he did not connect the successful Soviet invasions of Hungary and

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Czechoslovakia, which he deplored, with the absence of democratic voting procedures in Russia and in the East European countries it dominated? The thought never seems to have occurred to this man who was so intelligent and so interested in politics. Did he not know of Kant's contention that the condition for the possibility of world peace was the replacement of autocratic by republican states? And there was no state in Kant's lifetime to compare in repressiveness with the Soviet Union. Kant's view had been that democratic governments were needed to make the world safe from war and not at all as Wilson perverted his judgment that the world had to be made safe for democratic government. But in any case, it was the weakness of Sartre's own thinking about politics when he was young and assertive that made him, when he was old, vague and yielding in argument with the younger Pierre Victor.

The abduction of an old man. Just so might Countess Tolstoy have described the manipulation of the old count by his disciple Chertkov, who got Tolstoy to give away much of his estate without regard for his children. Thinking of Tolstoy manipulated in his old age, I am reminded that George Orwell thought the great Russian might have been more sympathetic to Shakespeare's *Lear*, since at the end Tolstoy was himself so like Shakespeare's protagonist. And thinking of Lear I am again reminded of Sartre's ineffectual efforts during his last years to do a few good political deeds. These amounted in fact to little more than protests against authority seen as "a dog obeyed in office." And thinking of Lear suggests to me something else: the impulse in someone great and hurt beyond repair to bestow capriciously the greatness invested in him. Is not this why Lear set up the contest in which the daughters who loved him least were bound to excell? I can imagine a writer who knows he is to die asking two women with whom he had been involved—one his trusted companion, and the other a young girl who knows nothing of his philosophy—to vie with each other for his estate. How? By each arguing for her right to it. It is my belief that the woman who loved him most and most merited his trust would make the same mistake that Cordelia made.

For my part, I find something I always admired in Sartre still evident in him during his last sad years when he was weak, scorned, tragically manipulated. This was his readiness to expose his mind, his person even, to destructive forces, like Shakespeare's old king to the storm: or, to use a modern metaphor, like a personal diary deliberately submitting itself to strangers—who might prove hostile—for final editing. And let us not forget that Sartre was hardly naïve or incapable of cynicism. He told us long ago in his best and most famous play that "Hell is other people."

LIONEL ABEL

Lionel Abel's *The Intellectual Follies* will be published by Norton in the fall.

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THE ART OF PUFFERY

The Art of Corporate Success: The Story of Schlumberger by Ken Auletta

(G.P. Putnam and Sons, 184 pp., $15.95)

This book is Ken Auletta's contribution to the growing best-seller genre concerned with the management secrets of the world's most profitable companies. The most popular of these works is *In Search of Excellence* by Thomas Peters and Robert Waterman Jr., whose subtitle—*Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies*—sums up the entire literature's basic theme. We can have a more productive American economy (and American businessmen, who are the primary audience for these books, can have bigger incomes) if we have more enlightened management. "Whether you work for a company whose employees number 3 or 300,000," says the dust jacket of *The Art of Corporate Success*, "you'll be infinitely wiser in the ways and means of corporate management when you have read this book." Auletta's last two works, *The Streets Were Paved With Gold* and *The Underclass*, were excellent pieces of investigative reporting. This is a how-to book—a subtle one, but a how-to book all the same.

No doubt there is a lot to learn from Auletta's subject—the French multinational Schlumberger, an oil-field services firm which in 1982 had the highest profit rate of any major industrial corporation in the world. But in fact, the book is not much more than a long, laudatory portrait of the company's chief executive, Jean Riboud. This minibiography originally appeared as one of those two-part profiles in *The New Yorker*. No surprise then, that it is filled with excruciatingly unnecessary details

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("Riboud's office has a single telephone with just two lines, and no private bathroom; there are no blinds on the windows, and a simple beige sisal carpet on the floor. His desk . . ."), nor that it is written in terms plainly calculated to flatter the discriminating tastes of that magazine's readership.

Apparently, the point is that Riboud is the kind of person you'd positively die to have over for dinner. He is portrayed as a kind of *artiste financier*—a man who makes profits the way Matisse made masterpieces. It helps that Riboud's friends are also friends of *The New Yorker*; Lillian Hellman and Felix Rohatyn (himself the subject of a lengthy profile in the magazine) testify to his genius. And captain of industry Saul Steinberg says that "like all intellectuals, Riboud has an understanding of shortcuts. He understands paradox, and comparison that avoids lengthy explanation." If Auletta disagrees with this interesting definition of the intellectual, he does not say so. Indeed, most of the time Auletta lets his subject speak for himself. Riboud's ruminations go on and on, without the slightest critical resistance from Auletta. This results in the publication of such banalities as "industry is the great successor to religion," and "[the Hiss case] was the beginning of something that was fairly important, a part of American history that is resurrected now with Mr. Reagan."

WHAT A splendid dinner guest Riboud would be! "He is not volatile, like the Beaujolais bottled near his home." He "considers himself a citizen of the world," and "remains a mystery, even to his friends." He is (what shall we say?) a man of paradox—especially when it comes to politics. How can he be a fabulously successful capitalist, yet also an avowed Socialist who has close ties to François Mitterrand and "champions the Third World"? Auletta wrestles, in his fashion, with this problem. On the one hand: "Like other multinational corporations, Schlumberger sometimes gets embroiled in conflicts with nations when they uphold their own interests against what Schlumberger says are the world's interests." But on the other: "Jean Riboud believes that Schlumberger, by providing services to the oil-rich nations of the Third World, has furthered the development and distribution of the world's wealth." Oh, well: "The dichotomy between rhetoric and reality, it could be said, has a protracted history in French political thought." Of course, it could also be said that Riboud is a hypocrite—and a particularly odious one, since his great wealth and access to powerful friends conveniently insulate him from the consequences of the policies he espouses. When Mitterrand nationalized dozens of French companies, Schlumberger was left untouched.

AULETTA is so taken with Riboud that at times he seems to lose track of the book's ostensible purpose. (The chapter titled "Why Does Schlumberger Succeed?" begins on page 129.) Still, at one point he manages the inspired suggestion that Riboud owes his managerial prowess in part to "the patience [he] acquired [while imprisoned] at Buchenwald." (Riboud is not Jewish; he was captured by the S.S. during his service in the French Underground.) It's a novel theory—the concentration camp as a kind of barbed-wire business school. Thankfully, Auletta never fully develops it. The rest of his analysis is more prosaic, but just as shallow. He borrows a few concepts from *In Search of Excellence*, makes the obligatory nods to merit pay and decentralized management, and then concludes that Schlumberger really owes its high profits to a certain *je ne sais quoi*: "those unmeasurable, unquantifiable qualities of character, ambition, faith, self-confidence . . . what might be called the art of self-improvement." Ah, the rich. They are different from you and me.

But is it bad form to point out that Schlumberger's corporate prowess has been called into question lately by its utter mismanagement of Fairchild, Inc., a semiconductor firm Schlumberger acquired in 1979? Last August, Steve Mufson of *The Wall Street Journal* reported that, under Schlumberger, Fairchild has lost tens of millions and has seen its market share decline by 32 percent. "Top managers have been leaving in droves," Mufson wrote, "complaining about, among other things, Schlumberger's arrogance." Auletta simply accepts Riboud's assertions that Fairchild will come around soon.

In any case, by Auletta's own account, the company's fortunes seem to depend most heavily on nothing more difficult to quantify than the world price of oil (and hence the demand for oil-field services). And surely part of the reason

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Schlumberger earns big profits is that it is a near-monopoly, and because it serves an industry (oil and gas) which is itself controlled by an oligopoly. Auletta blandly observes that Schlumberger charges prices far higher than those of its tiny competition; one can only assume the company can do this because its customers, the Seven Sisters, pass along the costs. But then, what are such trifles as supply and demand, or market structure, compared to "unmeasurable, unquantifiable qualities"?

In emphasizing these factors, Auletta shares the basic flaw of the Peters and Waterman genre. The books imply that corporate success is mostly a matter of microeconomics—how you handle worker-boss relations, what incentives you provide for good performance, what the "spirit" is like within the firm. No doubt all of this makes a great deal of difference. The problem is that macroeconomic factors—fiscal and monetary policy, tax laws, the overall health of the economy—matter just as much, or more. And Auletta carries this micro logic to an extreme; he fosters the fallacy that a large company's success reflects not only its corporate "personality," but, above all, the personality of the individual who operates it. Small wonder, then, that Auletta lingers so admiringly over every detail of Riboud's life. Also, it proves his proximity to the great; flattering his subject, he flatters himself. After "Schlumberger vice-president André Misk ate roast pigeon with me in Cairo and fried catfish in New Orleans, and opened corporate as well as culinary doors," and after Riboud had so kindly invited him to his estate for "a long weekend of Beaujolais and assorted goat cheeses, talks and hikes in the woods," he undoubtedly felt he had to write something nice. But you don't have to read it.

CHUCK LANE

IT PAYS TO BE NICE

The Evolution of Cooperation by Robert Axelrod

(Basic, 256 pp., $17.95)

In this book Professor Axelrod of the University of Michigan proves scientifically, using computers, that it pays to be nice. Imagine a situation where you have to choose between cooperating with others or not cooperating. For example, we have a kitchen here in our office for the use of staff members. Trouble is, it's always filthy. If everyone would only clean up after using it, we'd all be better off. But since the mess I leave behind is the next user's problem, not mine, I have little incentive to be tidy.

To a branch of economics known as "game theory," this sort of situation is known as the Prisoner's Dilemma, and it describes much of life with other people, including weighty matters such as world trade and the arms race. In the early 1970s both superpowers faced the question of whether to put multiple warheads on their nuclear missiles. If one side had done it alone, it would have gained an advantage. But both sides did it, and both ended up worse off than if neither had done so.

Schematically, the prisoner's dilemma works like this. Each of two parties must decide whether to "cooperate" or "defect." You win big if he cooperates and you screw him by defecting. But mutual cooperation is better for both parties than mutual defection. Unfortunately, each party reasons: if he cooperates, I'm better off defecting; if he defects, I'm still better off defecting so I don't get screwed. As a result, both parties defect, and both are worse off than if both had cooperated.

If the game has just one round, the only way to avoid this dilemma is some sort of agreement in advance to cooperate. But in many situations, agreement is difficult or unenforceable. Trust and goodwill are also useful, but not always available. The only real hope is that if the game continues for many rounds, a reputation for cooperation might elicit cooperation from others. What Axelrod ingeniously demonstrates is that this is not just wishful thinking. A strategy of reasonable cooperation is actually the best hard-nosed choice.

Axelrod staged a computer tournament in which programs incorporating various strategies were pitted against one another in repeated rounds of the prisoner's dilemma with simple numerical scores. He advertised for entries in both scholarly journals and magazines for computer buffs. In the first round, the winner was a strategy called "Tit-for-Tat" submitted by a prominent game theorist named Anatol Rapoport. Tit-for-Tat was the simplest strategy by far. It always starts out by cooperating and continues to cooperate until an opponent defects. After that, it always does what the opponent did in the previous game. It never punishes an opponent more than once for one defection, and it always stands ready to cooperate again if it gets the sign.

Nastier strategies were vanquished, Axelrod reports. "Even expert strategists from political science, sociology, economics, psychology, and mathematics made the systematic errors of being too competitive for their own good, not being forgiving enough, and being too pessimistic about the responsiveness of the other side." A strategy no one submitted that would have beaten Tit-for-Tat in this round is an even nicer one, "Tit-for-Two-Tats," which is willing to be screwed twice before giving up.

Axelrod publicized these results and invited competitors for a second competition. He got sixty-two entries from six countries. Even though everyone was gunning for it, Tit-for-Tat won again! Of the fifteen top-scoring strategies, all but one were "nice," meaning never defecting without provocation. Of the bottom fifteen, all but one were "not nice." Tit-for-Two-Tats was wiped out by a strategy called "Tester," which was "designed to look for softies." Another loser was a program called "Tranquilizer," which starts out being nice to lull an opponent into complacency, then strikes.

Wait. There's more. In a third version, Axelrod added evolution: successful strategies were increased in number during subsequent rounds, while unsuccessful strategies were reduced. This turned out to be fatal to the one nasty strategy in the top fifteen. It started out well by preying on weaker programs, but as these were wiped out this pred-

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ator started losing ground. By round one thousand, it was extinct too. Axelrod sermonizes: "Not being nice may look promising at first, but in the long run it can destroy the very environment it needs for its own success." And oh, yes: Tit-for-Tat won again. In fact, it eventually wiped out all the other strategies.

Axelrod demonstrates that once Tit-for-Tat predominates, it cannot be dislodged by any other strategy. By contrast, a landscape dominated by meanies can be infiltrated by small clusters of Tit-for-Tat, happily cooperating with each other and inducing cooperation among their neighbors, until love has conquered all.

WHAT IS Tit-for-Tat's secret? First, it takes the long view. Tit-for-Tat can never do better than any single opponent, since it allows itself to be outfoxed once and then settles for a draw thereafter. But it defeats greedier strategies by eliciting cooperative behavior from everyone around it.

Second, it is "nice." Axelrod points out that "playing it safe" by defecting until the other player starts cooperating "is actually a very risky strategy" because it can lead to a cycle of mutual retaliation. If you then try to escape this cycle by answering a defection with cooperation, "you risk appearing to be exploitable." Niceness too late is suspect.

Third, Tit-for-Tat isn't a sucker. In fact, it is quick to anger and respond. But it is also quick to forgive.

Finally, Tit-for-Tat isn't too clever. In chess, complexity is essential. In the prisoner's dilemma game, it's fatal. That's because when you're trying to elicit cooperation, you want your own intentions to be clear. The quicker other players figure out what Tit-for-Tat is up to, the quicker they're likely to start cooperating, since they have nothing to gain by doing anything else. Tit-for-Tat is so clear and simple that it continued to win even when Axelrod factored in a risk that the other player would misperceive your action every now and then.

The clear moral of Axelrod's experiment, though he fails to draw it, is that America's global strategy is too important to be left in the hands of Machiavellian characters like Henry Kissinger. Real life is more like the prisoner's dilemma than like chess. Tit-for-Tat for Secretary of State.

MICHAEL KINSLEY

TRB, *from page 6*

mocracy. Can you name the President, the leading political party, or the date of the last election in Honduras?
(2.) Within 10 percent, what is the poverty line for a family of four?
(3.) Who is your Secretary of Energy?
(4.) What are the freedoms guaranteed by the First Amendment?
(5.) Who is the head of East Germany? (Hint: sounds like a Jewish holiday.)
(6.) Of the following three social programs—WIC, CETA, student loans—which has been eliminated, which has shrunk, and which has grown during your Administration? What are WIC and CETA anyway?
(7.) In brief, what is the difference between Edén Pastora and Ruben Zamora?
(8.) Within one point, what is the percentage of Hispanics in the U.S. population?
(9.) Your Administration believes that a 600-ship Navy is vital to our national security. How many ships do we have now?
(10.) What is parity? Are you for it or against it?
Bonus question: What are the names of your grandchildren?

•

Answers: 1. President Roberto Suazo Cordova, Liberal Party, November 1981. 2. $9,862. 3. Donald Hodel. 4. Religion, speech, press, assembly, petition for redress of grievances. 5. Party Chairman Erich Honecker. 6. CETA (jobs) has been eliminated, student loans has shrunk, WIC (child nutrition) has grown. 7. Edén Pastora is the social democratic rebel we support in Nicaragua; Ruben Zamora is the social democratic rebel we oppose in El Salvador. 8. 6 1/2 percent. 9. 525. 10. Parity is the absurd proposition that farm products should have the same value relative to nonfarm products that they had in 1914-1918. All politicians are for it. Bonus: Cameron and Ashley Marie.

How to interpret your score. 9-10: Congratulations. You are qualified to be President. 7-8: You can be a Senator, but only on the Intelligence Committee. 5-6: You can be a Congressman from an obscure district in a large state. 3-4: You're lucky to be a state legislator. 0-2: You are pig-ignorant. Stick to journalism.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR *has recently reviewed and recommends.*

Children in Exile: Poems 1968-1984 by James Fenton (Random House). A British poet's evocations of Germany, Cambodia, and other nightmares. (Reviewed 5/14/84)

The Truth That Killed by Georgi Markov (Ticknor & Fields). Bulgaria from the inside: a posthumous memoir by the émigré who was killed by an umbrella. (5/14/84)

Piece of Cake by Derek Robinson (Knopf). An exciting novel about the feelings and fortunes of a Royal Air Force squadron fighting Hitler. (5/14/84)

Jinnah of Pakistan by Stanley Wolpert (Oxford University Press). The first major biography of the subcontinent's lesser known hero. (5/7/84)

Writing in a State of Siege: Essays on Politics and Literature by André Brink (Summit). The difficult life of art under the rule of apartheid. (4/30/84)

Civil Wars by Rosellen Brown (Knopf). A large, intelligent novel about one family's life in the aftermath of 1960s activism. (5/7/84)

Peter Hall's Diaries: The Story of a Dramatic Battle by Peter Hall (Harper & Row). Hell and heaven at Britain's National Theatre. (4/30/84)

D. W. Griffith: An American Life by Richard Schickel (Simon & Schuster). A comprehensive and conscientious biography—the best ever written—of the director who helped shape film as we now know it. (4/23/84)

Abortion and the Politics of Motherhood by Kristin Luker (University of California Press). A sophisticated sociological analysis of the fierce debate. (4/30/84)

Testing the Current by William McPherson (Simon & Schuster). A midwestern world through the eyes of a watchful little boy. (4/30/84)

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Some Call It Junk

I REALLY SHOULDN'T be telling you this. After all, purveyors of meat products don't give tours of the bologna factory. (Don't take that metaphor too literally.) But I'm going to tell you anyway. This is the inside story on the seamiest—and in many ways the most important—part of publishing TNR: direct mail, or, as some uncharitably call it, junk mail.

WHY DIRECT MAIL? Here's a short course in magazine economics: Start with 1,000 subscribers. If you're running a particularly well-liked magazine, perhaps 60 percent of them will renew the year after they first sign on. Now you're down to 600 subscribers. In subsequent years, 75 percent renew. So in Year Three, you've got 450 subscribers and in Year Six, you're left with fewer than 200. As you can see, in a very short time, you're out of business. So the key to magazine economics is replacing the subscribers who don't renew with new troops. Where do you find them? The least expensive method of ferreting them out is through those obnoxious cards that are bound or "blown" into each issue of the magazine. Mass-appeal magazines can use television and radio, as well as the sweepstakes mailings put together by outfits like Publishers Clearing House and featuring celebrities like Ed McMahon on the envelope. But the universe of potential TNR readers is small, and the popular culture isn't our strong suit (the editor-in-chief keeps telling us that he doesn't know who Ed McMahon is, or Johnny Carson for that matter). So the most efficient way for us to find new subscribers is by mailing letters to people on specific mailing lists, especially subscription lists of other magazines. Lately we've found that the lists of *The Economist*, *The Atlantic*, and *The New York Review of Books* have been working nicely for us. There are some smaller lists that pull well too, especially those of contributors to liberal causes, but I won't reveal which ones they are. I've probably given away enough secrets already.

AT THE END OF JUNE, TNR will send about a half-million letters to people whom we think are good prospects to subscribe. The mailing will cost about $100,000, about 40 percent of it for postage alone. We expect to get 8,000 to 10,000 new paid-up subscribers. As recent TNR mailings go, this will be a big one—the biggest since I became publisher three years ago. Actually, a semi-annual mailing of 500,000 is relatively small for a magazine with a circulation of 100,000, which is what we have. Lately TNR has been enjoying a high renewal rate, and we've been attracting large numbers of subscribers through insert cards, so our mailings have been 200,000 to 300,000 pieces in January and June (for unfathomable reasons, these are the best months to mail). Our June 1984 mailing is a large one this year because of the elections. Likely subscribers will get our letter during the Democratic National Convention in July. We suspect they'll be thinking about politics, and they'll be particularly receptive to a political magazine making a pitch.

THAT PITCH WILL BE the same one we've used for the last five years. It's straightforward, almost bland, and it urges readers to subscribe to "a famous magazine you may never have read before." Our package (as it's called) comprises a plain Kraft outer envelope (with all the style of a paper bag), a four-page letter, an order card, and a return envelope. The letter recites a brief history of TNR, tells who writes for it now, and describes the articles we run. We've tried other approaches—in fact, we test at least one new package against the tried-and-true one (the "control") each year—but the simple letter is the consistent winner. Actually, last year we added a two-color brochure to the control package, and it worked very well. Unfortunately, the brochure featured a cartoon of Andropov on the cover, so we've had to scrap it for our June mailing. Two years ago, we tried a zippy package with a bright orange glossy envelope emblazoned with the words "OPEN MINDED." The theme was that open-minded folks read TNR, blah, blah. It didn't work. Too commercial, too pushy. We've even tried a computerized letter, with the name of the recipient inserted into the text. You know: "Dear Mr. Smith: We're sure that you, Mr. Smith, and the whole Smith household would love to receive THE NEW REPUBLIC every week in the Smith mailbox." It wasn't quite that bad, but, again, it didn't work.

IT'S CLEAR THAT potential TNR readers have to be approached gingerly. That raises a question we're debating right now: How much should we blow our own horn in our June mailing? We've been getting good press lately and winning awards. We're thinking about adding a small note (called a kickslip in the direct-mail biz) to our control package that quotes a recent George Will column: "The New Republic is currently the nation's most interesting and important political journal because it is engaged in a lonely battle for the soul of the Democratic Party. . . . The New Republic is the voice of traditional liberalism, speaking against the intellectual high-jacking of that tradition." The problem is that self-congratulation isn't our style at THE NEW REPUBLIC. But, on the other hand, it's hard to sell magazine subscriptions through self-deprecation—no matter how charmingly we blush. I think we'll probably go ahead and use the Will quote, balancing it with one from an admirer with liberal credentials, perhaps Theodore H. White. And I think we'll bring up our 1984 National Magazine Award and Overseas Press Club prize, too.

NOW, AFTER GIVING you a tour of the bologna factory, I want to assure you that, if you're currently a subscriber, you won't be getting one of our letters of solicitation this summer. Unless there's a screw-up by the computer that's supposed to find TNR readers on the direct-mail lists we're using and knock them off. In fact, the best way to avoid a letter that toots TNR's own horn and that reminds you that Walter Lippmann used to write here is to keep renewing. A deal?

J.G.

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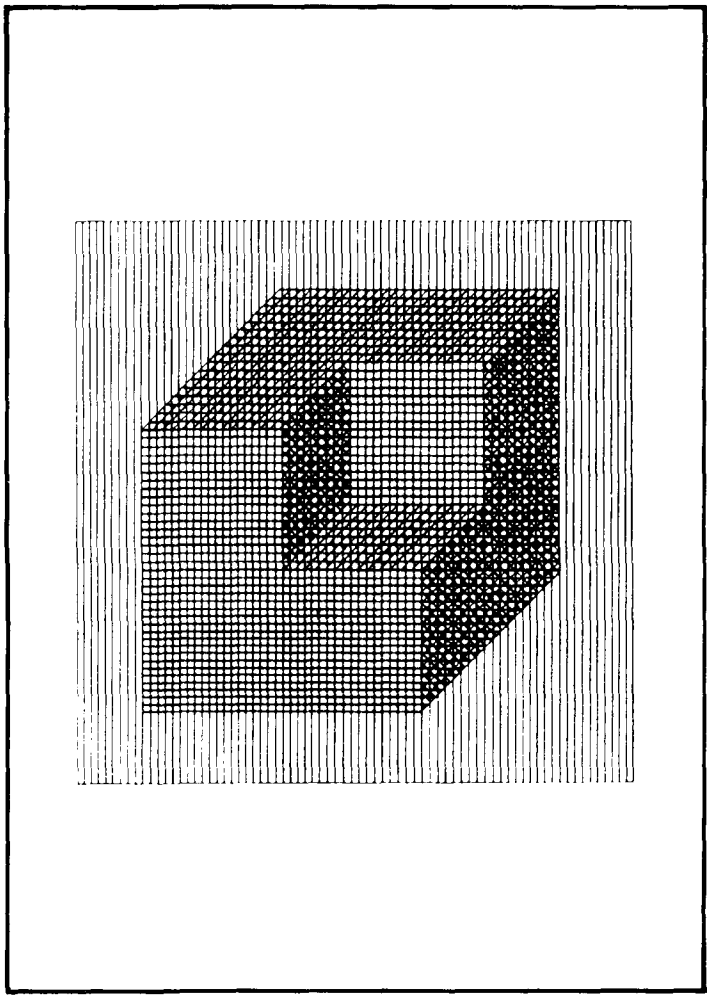

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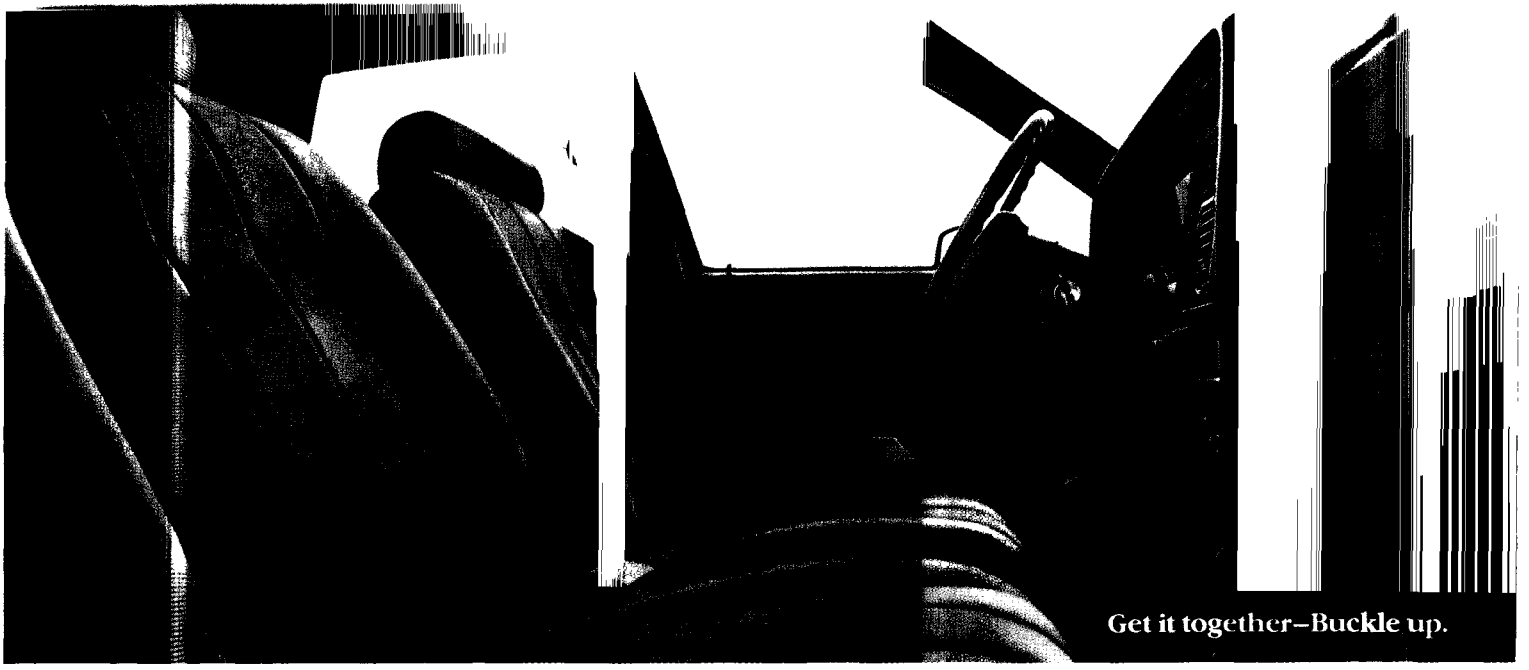

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The new '84 Ford Tempo. Technology never felt so comfortable.

The inside story.

Tempo's interior is a computer-refined compartment for five. Computer-designed placement of seats, door, roof and window areas afford maximum space efficiency.

Even Tempo's front-wheel-drive configuration was designed to provide more interior room. Since there is no drive shaft, there is no large hump to rob valuable floor space. In fact, Tempo actually has more rear room than a Mercedes 300D.*

For driver's convenience, controls are all placed within easy reach. For added ease, wipers and washer, directionals, high-beams and flash-to-pass are located on the steering column itself.

Technology that works for you.

Outside, a unique aerodynamic shape channels the wind over and around Tempo to help increase fuel efficiency. It also directs the airflow, reducing overall lift for improved stability and directional control.

Its front-wheel drive delivers all-weather traction, while its four-wheel independent suspension provides a smooth ride.

Plus, Tempo has the world's most advanced automotive computer, the EEC-IV. It processes up to 250,000 commands per second. Coupled with Tempo's 2300 HSC (High Swirl Combustion) engine, you get quick power response from a standing start and at cruising speed.

Best-built American cars.

When we say "Quality is Job 1," we are talking about more than a commitment. We are talking about results. A recent survey concluded Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S. And that commitment continues in 1984.

*Based on EPA Interior Volume Index.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?

Ford

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